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RE-AWAK[illegible]ING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATU[illegible] EVENING POST.

'Twas early Spring as fi[illegible]t strayed
In open fields where f[illegible]inds rove;
In glinting beams the su[illegible]at played,
On meadows brown at[illegible] leafless grove.

The air was damp, and soft, and hushed;
An earthy perfume floating near,
Told how my every footstep crushed
The withered leaves that fell last year.

Poor storm-washed leaves! at your decay
How was my sad heart thrilled with pain!
It seemed when Summer fled away,
That Earth could never smile again.

Yet Spring is here, and hill and vale
With beauty and with song are rife:
Glad Nature seems to shout "all hail!"
To Him who re-awakens life!"

As thus I mused, I sought a seat;
The leaves which on a bank were piled,
I brushed aside, and lo! a sweet
Blue violet looked up and smiled.

A joy may droop o'er till it dies,
In the lone heart which for love grieves,
But deeper down hope's sweet bud lies,
The fresher for the withered leaves.

Oh, heart that loves and heart that grieves!
Where'er thou may'st be in this hour,
Have we not *all* some withered leaves?
How many cover a Spring flower!

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

While Bettle and his men are on their way to the city, I may as well go back, according to promise, to give some account of the Free Quakers, and how there happened to be such a thing as a Quaker troop, at least, so far as regarded a good many of its members, under a Captain and Lieutenants all of the same peaceful persuasion.

Well, in the latter part of "First Month," in the year 1775, there was division in the counsel of Friends, and the Yearly Meeting, then in session at Philadelphia, was unpeaceful, with a spirit of dissension and unquiet, with discussions often protracted into the night, as to the course the society should take in the war that had already begun.

Most of the members, particularly the older portion, were inclined to oppose the course matters were taking, not only in obedience to their abstract peace principles, but because they were, in reality, in favor of the established Government, believing that, bad as it was, it was better than rebellion and the anarchy which, there was reason to fear, would follow it.

At the beginning of the excitement, while the action of the Colonies was confined to respectful petition and remonstrance, they had been almost unanimously upon their side; but now, when men were beginning to talk boldly of armed resistance, of throwing off at once and forever the authority of the mother country, the case assumed a different aspect.

The most perplexing part of the business was that the idea of fighting had actually found its way into the society itself, and the echoes of the popular voice were making themselves heard within the walls of the quiet Quaker meeting from the lips of the younger and more hot-blooded members, in tones which startled the grave conservative elders.

There was a most unmistakeable disposition on the part of some of these younger men to side with the stirring proclamation which had been recently issued by the Convention; and a lamentable want of reverence for the principles laid down in the "Discipline" was manifested in the remarks which they took upon themselves to make concerning the duty of "Friends" in the present crisis. The Discipline, however, prevailed, and on the 24th of the same month, a "Testimony" upon the subject was prepared and published, urging members to "discountenance and avoid every measure tending to excite disaffection to the King, as supreme magistrate, or to the legal authority of his Government," and publicly declaring "against every usurpation of power and authority in opposition to the laws and Government, and against all combinations, insurrections and illegal assemblies."

This gave such offence to the minority, that they at once issued *their* Testimony in a very practical way, by summarily withdrawing from all connection with the meeting; they still retained the title of Friends, as a general designation, but, by way of distinction, assumed, or had put upon them, it is uncertain, at this distance of time, which, the title of "Free Quakers." However this may be, they afterwards adopted it, and so designated themselves on the tablet which still remains in the pediment of the meeting-house they built for themselves at the South-West corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, and which is now occupied by the Apprentices' Library.

A number of them afterwards gave a still more practical evidence of their sincerity by forming themselves into a military company, which was known by the name of the "Quaker Blues." Whether they were drilled in "plain" language, or whether their drill-master ever indulged himself in swearing at them, while they remained an "awkward squad," as drill-masters have a bad habit of doing, I am not able to say. With these, however, we have nothing to do.

In addition to this company, many individuals employed themselves actively in the contest, according to their various gifts; some in gathering and carrying intelligence, some furnishing clothing and supplies to the troops, some contenting themselves with busily talking treason in a general way, while others acted it out boldly by doing a very fair share of hard fighting whenever occasion offered.

Among the most active and energetic of those who had thus abandoned their peaceful

LEVI "PERSUADING" THE BRITISH OFFICER.

ample to the spirit of strife and resistance, were Bettle and his cousin, Ellis Clayton, the Captain of the troop, whom I have already mentioned. Both had been born and trained in the tenets of the Society, after its straightest manner. Bettle's natural disposition, however, was headlong and reckless, though under tolerable control, when not too far roused; but Clayton, though utterly fearless, and never recognizing danger to himself or his troop, as an obstacle to anything that his judgment told him should be done, had none of the headlong, restless bravery, which delighted in and sought danger for its own sake. The grand elements in his character were, unshaken calmness under all circumstances, a presence of mind which there was no confusing, backed by a sober determination and an iron will, that held their ground with a dogged composure, against which furious attack and steady pressure alike spent themselves in vain.

His life-long training in self-command, acting upon a nature like this, had eminently qualified him for such a command as he now held. He had not accepted it rashly, nor without due consideration; but after calmly weighing the matter, had come to the conclusion that it was *his* duty to fight, and he straightway went about performing his duty. He was at this time about twenty-eight years of age, but with the staid, grave manner of a man much older.

Among his most intimate companions were Bettle and four others—all younger than himself—and all belonging to the same society. These five men organized themselves into a troop consisting, at first, entirely of officers. Clayton having first been unanimously chosen captain, and having in turn appointed the others his lieutenants—this done, all immediately began the work of raising the troop in earnest.

This was a work of time, not only from the severity of the requirements as to qualification, for Clayton had set out from the first, with the determination to make his troop one of picked men, who should all come fully up to his standard, not for the purpose of making a fine display, but that it should be thoroughly effective; but also, most of all, for the reason that it was to be made up of volunteers, who, as Bettle, in the preceding chapter, explained to his recruits, should equip at their own expense, and take their chance of pay.

They were carefully trained by Clayton himself, each new recruit, as he came in, having the advantage of the example of the older hands, so that after having got enough together to form a kind of nucleus of discipline, he had comparatively little trouble in training them.

This training, of both men and horses, was directed solely to making them as effective as possible for irregular service. For fighting either alone or together—as detached skirmishers or, when desirable, as a part of the regular line. For this latter service, however, Clayton, who, grave and sober as he was, preferred to be his own master, had little affection, and never subjected himself to it long at a time.

It was just such bands as this, (for Clayton was by no means the only partisan leader in the war,) that performed some of the most brilliant exploits in the War of Independence.

They have found no place in history, beyond mere cursory allusions, from the fact that they led to no great or decisive results, affecting the ultimate issue of the contest, and therefore had no claim to room upon its pages.

Their service was of a rambling desultory character, involving a great deal of hard fighting, a rough and exposed life, and calling for an unceasing exercise of what is familiarly known as "mother wit"—that valuable faculty [illegible] what to do, in an emergency, just when the [illegible] emergency comes—in managing or guarding [illegible] against surprises, and in eluding or diverting [illegible] pursuit, where fighting was not deemed advis[illegible]

These parties, when not actually attached to the main body, amused themselves by various irregular escapades, such as beating up the enemy's quarters at divers untimely and unseasonable hours between midnight and dawn, setting the whole camp in turmoil with firing and running in of sentries, rattling of drums, yelling of bugles, officers shouting all manner of unintelligible orders, half dressed men hurrying to their stations, horses neighing and plunging, while in the midst of the hurly-burly a body of twenty or thirty horsemen shouting like a hundred, and magnified by the darkness and confusion into twice as many, would skirr through the camp, slashing, shooting, and trampling down all who stood in their way; and before anything like order could be restored or any effectual resistance offered, would be out of sight and reach, the fierce clatter of hoofs and steel scabbards gradually dying away in the gloom, leaving the discomfited enemy to turn in again, sending a storm of unsavory blessings after the uneasy Yankees who couldn't let tired men enjoy their sleep in peace.

When nothing better was on hand, they were ranging the country, intercepting supplies intended for the British, cutting off foraging parties, at times quartering themselves on the Tory farmers, and doing a little foraging among them on their own account; at others, bivouacking in the woods, now here, now there; in their movements as rapid and unreliable as swallows, as silent and unseen as the terrible Copperhead, and with a stroke as deadly.

During all the spring and part of the summer of 1777, Philadelphia had been in a state of anxious excitement in view of the evident intention of the British General, who was then stationed with his army in New York, to possess himself of the city.

Washington was holding northern New Jersey, doing little in the way of active service, but warily watching Sir William Howe's motions, baffling every attempt of the latter either to draw him into a battle or to deceive him into withdrawing his forces from the post they occupied, and thus give him a clear passage across New Jersey.

Sham deserters from the enemy came into Washington's camp, bringing cunningly devised fables about northern marches of the British; his own scouts and spies lent themselves, wittingly or unwittingly, to these attempts; and letters were sent by messengers who were instructed to get themselves intercepted, containing false intelligence of intended movements.

Washington held his ground, statisfied that Philadelphia and Philadelphia only was the point to be protected.

During all this excitement, Clayton was busily engaged in filling up his troop and preparing them for service. All his lieutenants were out in different directions, though as Bettle is more intimately connected with my story, he is the only one whom I have followed. At the time he left Thomas Sanford's, however, the others had all got in with their recruits, and the troop was nearly full. From the time of his arrival with his eleven men, who just made up the hundred to which Clayton had limited his force, the work of training men and horses—and severe training it was—was diligently pursued, until the early part of August.

At this time Washington received unquestionable information that the British had embarked, and that on the twenty-third of July the fleet had left Sandy Hook and was moving southward; he immediately marched in the same direction, keeping out reconnoitering parties in advance to watch the coast, [illegible] he was informed that the fleet was on the capes of Chesapeake Bay. Upon receiving this intelligence, he marched at once for Chester by way of Philadelphia, reaching the latter on the morning of the twenty-fourth of August, marching with his whole force through the city in order to encourage the Whigs with a display of his strength, and then moving directly to Chester, where he arrived the same evening. And while the doomed army of eleven thousand men, half of them raw militia, was marching southward on that peaceful Sabbath morning, the farmers of Turkey Point, together with some fifteen hundred of the Pennsylvania and Delaware militia, were watching the debarkation of seventeen thousand trained veterans under Cornwallis and Knyphausen.

The American army entered Philadelphia at the upper end of Front street, and marched down to Chestnut, up which they turned and proceeded westward. As they passed the State House, a company of about a hundred horsemen, which was drawn up in the meadow on the north side of the street, was put in motion, and wheeling in solid column into the street in the rear, fell into the line of march in a grave silence which contrasted strongly with the vociferous cheering all around them, through which was heard the loud clanging of the old Liberty Bell in the steeple.

They were all young men, ranging apparently from twenty to thirty-five years of age, splendidly mounted, and sitting in their saddles with that easy, at-home look, which is only acquired by a life long practice in riding.

As they wheeled into the line a new hurrah broke forth from the crowd, and a boy's shrill voice yelled,

"Hooray for the fightin' Quakers!"

The words caught the ear of Washington, who was riding with his staff a short distance in the rear of the army, and he sent forward an aid to inquire into the meaning of it, and ascertain who these silent volunteers were. The officer accordingly rode to the head of the company and asked,

"Who commands this troop?"

"Ellis Clayton," was the answer, given by the person addressed, who was a young man in a drab coat, such as Quakers wore then, not differing materially in shape from that of the officer himself, but destitute of any ornament whatever. The principal officers of the troop wore similar coats, and the ordinary felt hats of the time looped up at the sides, and, as well as their leader, were manifestly Quakers. The only thing about the leader's dress to distinguish him from these was a blue silk sash which he wore about his waist, while his officers wore only plain black belts. The rest of the troop wore an indescribable variety of costumes.

"Well," said the officer, "who may Ellis Clayton be?"

"The captain of this troop," was the laconic answer.

"So I suppose," said he, drily, "and what regiment may the troop belong to?"

"None; the troop is its own regiment."

"You are pleased to speak in riddles, sir," said the officer, "will you do me the favor to explain yourself?"

"The explanation is very simple; we are here to fight, but we must fight in our own way, under our own orders, without being in any way attached to the regular line, except at our own discretion."

"I doubt if that will be permitted; his excellency is not fond of anybody's discretion but his own, and will require you to join some regiment."

"Thee may tell the General that we are ready to withdraw at any moment from the line if he is not satisfied with our terms; if we fight, we do so without being hampered by camp regulations or general orders, except when we see fit to subject ourselves to them temporarily."

"You are tolerably independent," said the officer, "and a model of conciseness. Will you ride back with me and explain yourself to the commander?"

"Willingly," said Clayton.

So they rode back to the commander, and the aid-de-camp reported substantially what he had learned.

"How many men have you?" inquired Washington.

"One hundred!" was the answer.

"And I'll say this for them, your excellency," exclaimed the aid, "that I never saw a hundred men together that looked more like doing service; and the horses—" he had been eyeing the whole troop critically while talking to Ellis Clay[illegible]

a fitting mount for a general."

"As you are not willing to join the line, sir, what kind of service do you propose to undertake?" asked the General.

"We propose, with thy permission,"—a grave smile flitted across Washington's face at the word "thy"—"we propose, with thy permission, to act as irregular cavalry; as scouts; as outlyers, free to come and go as we please."

"You are asking a dangerous license; what guarantee have I that you will not carry intelligence of my movements to the enemy, or act against me in some other way?"

"I don't think thee would ask any guarantee after the first battle; but I have prepared myself for this objection."

He handed an unsealed note to Washington, who opened it and read as follows:—

"The bearer, Captain Ellis Clayton, is a true and staunch patriot, as I know from long personal acquaintance with him. His own fidelity, and that of those for whom he vouches, may be relied upon. JOHN JAY."

"I am satisfied, sir," said Washington, handing him back the note, "and am willing to accept your service on your own conditions; and if you and your men are active and faithful, you may be of great value. You shall be free to come and go as you please, understanding, however, that while you may be in camp, or within the lines, you will be subject to my orders."

The Captain looked doubtful.

"Outside the camp, your movements will not be interfered with, nor controlled in any way, (except always, when you may have been sent out by the officer in command for the time being,) unless I hear that your men have been guilty of some unwarrantable excess; in that case they will be controlled very promptly and very much to the purpose. Now, sir, we understand each other; if you are content, rejoin your troop; if not, there is time to withdraw."

"I am content," said Captain Clayton, and touching his hat a little awkwardly, as if unused to such motions, he galloped back to the head of his troop.

"This is a curious addition to our forces," said Washington, turning to General Greene, who was riding beside him, "what do you think of them?"

"Whatever a Quaker feels 'a call' to do," answered Greene, who was of Quaker stock himself, "he is very apt to do thoroughly; your Excellency may depend upon it there will be hard fighting wherever these men are at work."

The army had by this time passed through the built portion of the city, and the advanced guard had already passed the pontoon over the Schuylkill, and in the course of an hour or two more, the whole body had crossed, and were formed on the other side.

The thousands of citizens who had accompanied them to the east bank, gave a parting cheer as the army resumed its march, and then returned to their homes.

That evening the army encamped at Chester.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning a messenger came to Ellis Clayton's troop from the General, requiring the Captain's presence at headquarters.

He repaired thither at once, and found Washington alone.

"I have need of your services, Captain Clayton," said he; "you will leave the camp at once, and reconnoitre the country between here and the Chesapeake carefully. I received information last night that the enemy had landed at a place called Turkey Point, at the mouth of Elk River. You will go there, keeping your eyes open on the way, hover around in the neighborhood of the enemy, and send me as good an account as you can procure of their force and probable movements. Also, see how the people generally stand affected."

"Does thee wish me to take the whole troop?" asked Clayton.

"By no means; so large a body would only encumber your movements. A dozen or twenty of your best men will be ample. You will have to detach some of them occasionally, to carry intelligence. Avoid observation as much as possible."

"I think it would be better to have all at work in different directions," said Clayton; "we can go in separate bands of about twenty each, under the command of my officers, each of whom can manage quite as well alone as under my orders. We can co-operate with each other then, if need be, without being suspected; and if an opportunity should offer to strike a blow, we can do it effectually, in a body."

"Well, be it so," said the General; "you seem to have a system of tactics of your own. Do the best you can, but be careful not to be taken."

"We'll look out for that," said Clayton, and leaving the house, he hurried to the quarters of his troop to give the necessary orders.

In two hours the troop had left the camp, and were on the march down the road to Wilmington.

When within about two miles of the town, *they halted in a wood off the road*, and Clayton called one of his lieutenants aside.

"Levi," said he, "it will be necessary for [illegible] here, in order to avoid *observation. Let them divide into squads of from* ten to twenty, *and scatter along the roads* between here and Elk, and pick up all the information they can. No two squads must be seen together or know each other, unless it becomes necessary for one of them to call in the help of the others. Our business just now is to keep watch, and make report of what we see; but if they should light on any parties of the British, where there are not more noses than can be counted, I suppose they had better try to persuade them to retreat or surrender. If they should be foolish or obstinate enough to refuse, thee understands it may be necessary to urge them strongly."

"I understand, sir," said the Lieutenant, who, though a Quaker, had dropped his plain language when he put on his sword belt, "we'll try to convince them."

"The men know the signals; those will impress upon them not to be out of hearing of each other any more than they can help; and now I am going on alone," said Clayton, divesting himself of his arms, with the exception of a pair of small pistols which he concealed in his breast.

"Why, where are you going, Captain?" inquired Levi, in amazement.

"Right into the heart of the British camp; they won't suspect a plain Friend of any evil intention," said he, with a smile, "and there's the place to get information."

So saying, Ellis Clayton rode off in a quiet jog-trot, his horse, with drooping neck and tail, looking like nothing but an ordinary farm beast, and they passed down the road out of sight.

The Lieutenant turned to the troop.

"Boys," said he, "we've got work to do; Wheeler, Wetherill and Bettle, each of you take twenty men and make for Elk separately; that is, don't be seen *together*; at the same time, keep within hearing of each other's carbines."

"Are we to go through Wilmington?" inquired Wetherill.

"No; go around it. I'm going through there myself, with the rest of the men; keep off the roads and in the woods as much as possible; scatter the men while under cover, each of you, however, keeping his own squad within hearing of a call."

"Suppose we see any of the British," said Bettle, "what shall we do?"

"At them, if they are not strong enough to eat you," said Levi.

"Very good," answered Bettle; "now we know what to do; come, boys," and he galloped off, followed helter-skelter by the twenty most reckless dare devils in the troop, put under his command by Clayton, who knew him well, on the good old principle of "like master like man."

"He's going to skirt the road," said Levi; "Wetherill, do you bear off more into the country; Wheeler, you take the other side of the road, and keep a sharp look out, both of you."

The two detachments moved off in the directions indicated, and when all were fairly out

of sight in the woods, which lined the greater part of the road on both sides, Levi Barton, the Lieutenant, put himself at the head of the remaining forty men, and moved briskly down the road.

When he arrived at Wilmington, he found the town in commotion. The inhabitants were packing up their valuables for flight, and the streets were crowded with wagons and carts loaded with grain and household goods, barrels of liquor, sacks of salt, worth almost its weight in silver, beds, spinning wheels, dry goods and groceries, in fact, almost everything portable, making their way out of the town, to go up the Brandywine towards the forks in Chester county, in order to be out of the track of the enemy, who, it was expected, would, as a matter of course, march through and plunder Wilmington.

They were accompanied by a guard of the American light horse which had been detached to escort them.

From them Barton obtained the latest news from the enemy's army, but heard nothing that he deemed of sufficient importance to send to headquarters, and passed on his way to New Castle. He halted near the town, it being by this time near evening, and rested for a couple of hours to give the men time to eat supper and feed and groom their horses.

It was night when they resumed their march, but the full moon was shining, and they pushed on rapidly along through New Castle and down the road, the moonlight breaking through the trees here and there with uncertain gleams, and the fire-flies or "lightnin' bugs" sparkling in the air around them.

They had gone about five miles in silence, except for the tramp of the horses and the rattling of their equipments, when Barton suddenly heard the shrill, spiteful note of a "katy-did" directly behind him. The whole troop stopped instantly.

"What is it, Frank?" he whispered, as one of the men silently moved forward a few steps till he reached his side.

The man pointed without speaking to a light at some distance to the left, in the woods.

"It's nothing but a farm house," said Barton.

"Nothin' but yer granny," said Frank Lightfoot.

This was not exactly respectful from a private to his officer, but the rank and file of such a troop were necessarily rather rough fellows, and while perfectly obedient in all matters of discipline, were allowed, and always used to its full extent, the liberty of expressing themselves in the most terse and straightforward way.

"My granny's at home, knitting stockings, I expect," said Barton, coolly; "what do you think it is, if not a light in a farm-house window?"

"Too low down, an' the light's too big," said Frank, laconically.

"I believe you are right," said Barton, taking a second look, "go in and see what it is; we'll stop here unless we hear an owl-hoot; if we hear one, we'll move on around the turn of the road; if we hear *two in succession*—"

"What do 'yo mean by 'succession'?" said Frank.

"Two in a row," answered Barton, gravely.

"Why couldn't you say so, then, an' not talk so big?"

"Very well, when we hear two calls *in a row*, we'll understand that you want help; so now be off."

Frank dismounted, took off his sword which he tied to the horn of his saddle, and moved off cautiously into the woods, armed only with his knife and carbine.

For about a quarter of an hour his companions sat still, listening intently but hearing nothing. The light was too far off to allow them to see anything but itself shining among the trees, and Barton beginning to feel uneasy, was thinking of moving forward himself into the wood to see what had become of Frank, when the tremulous owl note was heard, apparently some distance in advance; all listened intently, but the cry was not repeated. At a sign from Barton the men tucked their swords under their left legs, pressing them against the saddles to prevent any rattling of scabbards, unslung their carbines and took them under their right arms, and then filing off to each side of the road, where the ground was not beaten so hard as in the middle, rode at a slow walk towards the turn in the road which Barton had indicated.

At a short distance below the turn, a narrow cartway led off into the wood, on one side of which was a space comparatively open, the trees having been a good deal thinned out.—Halting here, Barton, after listening a moment, and hearing nothing, uttered a cry like a whip-poor-will, and listened again. The long, doleful hoot of the owl quavered right over his head, from among the branches of the tree beneath which he was standing! The next moment Frank slid down the trunk and stood before him.

"Well," said Barton, "what do you make of them?"

"A hundred and fifty tories around a fire," said Frank.

"What are they doing, and how far off are they?"

"Some asleep, some playin' cards, some drinkin' whiskey,—half a mile," said Frank, categorically answering both questions at once.

"How do you know they are tories?" asked Barton.

"New English muskets; officer got a red coat."

"A hundred and fifty men," muttered Barton, musingly; "that's rather heavy odds against forty, unless we can surprise them; have they posted sentries, Frank?" he added, in a louder tone, though even then his voice would have been inaudible twenty feet off.

"Yes," answered Frank, "'cept where they're wanted."

"How do you mean?" asked Barton.

"Why, lookee here; they're pitched round a spring down there, and their fire's built on the bank of the run that comes from it. The run goes between deep banks, with plenty of bushes on each side. There's where they want a sentry. Got none, o' course. Officer's a greenhorn. Young ensign with bought commission, I reckon."

"That was where you got near them, then?" said Barton.

"To be sure, crep' up within thirty feet. Heard 'em talkin' how they were goin' down to Elk to-morrow mornin'. But that ain't all. Lookee here: Bettle's boys is down there in the hollow a-watchin' 'em, too!"

"Bettle's boys!" exclaimed Barton; "do they know we're here?"

"Yes, they're a-waitin'."

"Good," said Barton, "that makes sixty; we'll have them; now, how is the ground, fit for horses?"

"No; covered with brush; must be done afoot."

"Very well; dismount, men; Simpson and Parker, lead the horses farther in among the trees, and wait there."

This conversation occupied but a few moments, and the party were soon on their march under Frank's guidance. The horses, each with his rider's carbine and scabbard tied to the saddle-horn, had been led out of sight among the trees, and the party taking to the stream, which ran, as Frank had stated, between deep banks, overgrown with bushes, moved along in single file through the water, each man with his pistols in his belt, and his sword tied by a thong to his wrist.

In about ten minutes, they reached Bettle's men, who were impatiently awaiting them, and could see through the bushes the fire, and the enemy around it occupied very much as Frank had described. They were about a hundred yards distant, but the fire, fed with dry brushwood, which lay plentifully scattered around, burned brightly enough to enable them to see that the arms were stacked in a position to be easily reached by their owners. A sentry was pacing up and down in front of them. Nearly all the men who were not asleep, were playing cards, and had been drinking freely. It was getting late, however, and one after another lay down to sleep, until, in the course of half an hour, during which the concealed party had watched them in grim silence, all whom they could see were snoring, except the officer in command—who still sat by the fire, his horse, the only one in the party, tied to a sapling near him—and the sentry who was on guard over the muskets.

The latter was pacing up and down his beat, humming to himself some old tune, evidently acting upon the feeling that the duty he was performing was more a matter of form than of any special necessity.

The bushes immediately around the spring and over the space occupied by the company, had been roughly cleared by hacking down the low brush and piling it into couches, on which the sleepers lay in their half-drunken slumber, as they had carelessly thrown themselves down.

They, of course, occupied some considerable space, extending from the spring down the course of the stream. The bushes had been cut away only to the edge of the sloping bank, and the muskets were stacked near the edge in the corner of the cleared ground farther from the spring. The end of the sentry's beat in one direction, was close to a thick clump of saplings, with bushes growing densely among them higher than a man's head.

The young officer, who was still sitting by the fire, about twenty yards from this clump of bushes, casually turned to glance at the sentry as he reached this point, when at the instant the latter turned on his heel to go back, the officer caught a glimpse of something like a cord sweeping through the moonlight clear over the point of the man's bayonet, with a shrill "whish" like a switch cutting rapidly through the air, and the sentry went down backwards into the bushes, disappearing as suddenly and utterly as though the ground had opened beneath him. The officer sprang to his feet and shouted an alarm. His men, thus suddenly roused, and stupid from the effect of their previous drinking, scrambled up confusedly, and huddled together for a moment like a flock of sheep.

"To the guns! to the guns!" he shouted, drawing his sword, and springing towards the stacked arms, his men, who had recovered from their momentary bewilderment rushing pell-mell after him.

But while the cry was on his lips, a crowd of dusky figures poured from the wood; and, before he had cleared half the distance to the guns, had possessed themselves of them, and were formed in solid column right in his path, holding him and his unarmed rabble covered with their own weapons. The other sentries had run in at the alarm, and he shouted to them to fire. They hesitated a moment, for there were only three or four of them; and then the first voice which was heard from the attacking party, spoke.

"Hold! if you fire a shot, if a single hand is raised, you shall die to a man. Ground your arms!"

The four muskets struck the ground with a single "thud."

"You are outgeneraled," said Barton, who was the speaker, calmly, to the officer; "deliver up your sword."

"I deliver my sword to no leader of banditti, sir," said the officer, scornfully; "I will deliver it to any regular officer, if such a man can be found in your gang."

"You are wasting breath, my friend, in hard words," said Barton, as calmly as ever; "you will deliver it to plain Levi Barton, in command of a detachment of the *irregular* cavalry of the rebel army, or, it will be taken from you; I care not which."

"Take it then, if you can!" said the Englishman, frantic with rage and mortification; and springing forward, he made a furious lunge, which would assuredly have left but little more to be said about Barton, had the latter been one whit less wary and prompt than he showed himself.

As it was, he only saved himself by instinctively throwing down his left hand and seizing the blade near the point, turning it aside, while the Englishman, losing his balance as his arm was wrenched aside, came full against the breast of his antagonist.

Half-a-dozen bullets from the captured muskets, fired aimlessly in the hurry, whizzed past the young officer's head as he sprang forward, and as many men darted from the ranks of the Americans to the assistance of their leader.

"Back!" shouted Barton; "back, I say! leave me to deal with him!" and, twitching the straight cut-and-thrust sword which hung by its thong from his wrist, into his hand, he made a step in advance as the Englishman recovered himself, and the blades crossed.

It was a splendid night for such a passage at arms. The full moon was shining directly overhead, without a cloud, giving a light almost as bright as day. The fire of brushwood, near the spring, was still blazing, though partially burnt out, and its flickering light cast a weird, uncanny glare on the flashing swords which were now busy, on the ghastly looking trees, and the masses of eager faces between which the two combatants were stamping and circling around.

For two or three minutes nothing was audible but the sharp clink of the swords as they struck together, or the low rasp as blade grated along blade, as the combatants stood warily upon guard for a moment. Then, from one a gleam would dart across the moonlight straight at the other's breast. A quick turn of the wrist, and it would swerve, slide back, and the blades would play across, around and past each other so rapidly that the spectators could discern nothing but the flashing gleams as the blades glanced in the moonbeams, or in the light of the fire.

The whole thing was over in five minutes; but in that short time, justice compels me to state, Barton was, as many times, within a hair's breadth of losing his life. So far as skill and practice were concerned, his antagonist was fully his match; and he owed his life to the coolness which his Quaker training in self command had made a second nature, and which, though he fought with energy and in stern earnest, he never lost for an instant, contenting himself at first with standing on the defensive, and parrying, as well as he could, and it took all the skill he had, the furious lunges with which his antagonist, half mad with rage, attacked him. He had also the advantage of a more muscular and better knit frame, and, above all, of what, in fencing, other things being equal, will almost infallibly secure a victory, a suppler and stronger *wrist*. The Englishman, in his blind fury had thrown himself open repeatedly, but Barton, though he did not fail to see it, took no advantage of it, as he did not intend to kill him if he could help it.

Warily standing thus on his guard, he watched his adversary keenly, and seeing him, at length, beginning to breathe hard and quickly, he suddenly changed his plan, at the last minute, and attacked in his turn.

There was a sudden thrust, a parry, a locking of hilts, a quick spring of Barton's wrist, and the Englishman's sword flew out of his hand, and he stood unarmed and panting.

"Will you give up *your sword*?" said Barton, in the calm, unmoved tone he had used all along, to his antagonist.

"You have disarmed me, sir, and I am in your power," said the officer, gloomily, "do with me as you please; I will thank you if you will pass your sword through me, and end me and my dishonor together."

"You surrender, then, unconditionally," said Barton.

The officer bowed. "I can do no less, sir."

"Frank," said Barton, "help me to my sword."

Frank picked it up from where it lay at his feet, and handed it to Barton.

The latter turned towards the officer, who was looking at him in some bewilderment, and placed the hilt in his hand, saying, kindly,

"Take back your sword; it couldn't be in a braver hand, nor in any that knows better how to use it. It is no disgrace to have been disarmed by a stronger man—I can't say a better fencer."

"I thank you, sir," said the officer, in a low tone, and speaking with much emotion; "you have treated me most generously. I am aware that, by the laws of war, I have forfeited my life in attacking you as I did, and you give it to me without asking."

"We'll let that pass," said Barton: "brave men are not plenty enough to be killed unnecessarily, even if they are enemies."

"Well, sir," said the officer, "you have made one enemy less, and one friend more, if you will allow me to call myself so."

"I had rather have that sword of yours for me than against me," said Barton, smiling: "and had a good deal rather have its master for a friend than for an enemy. I must do an unfriendly act, however. It will be necessary for me to take you and your men with me to the camp as prisoners."

"Of course," said the officer, "it is your duty to do so."

He then turned to his men and ordered them to form in column and the sentries, who still retained their muskets, to stack them with the rest. When they had done so, and stood looking rather sheepishly at each other, he said to Barton,

"We wait your pleasure, sir."

"Boys," said Barton to his troop, "each of you take two of those muskets, sling one to your backs with reversed bayonets, and keep the other in hand. I don't distrust you," he said, in a low tone to the officer, "but I do distrust your men, and with such a force, must use every precaution."

"You have reason to, sir," said the latter in the same tone, "for a set of greater scoundrels never went unhanged than half of them are. If it were not for the shame of being surprised through my own carelessness, I would feel inclined to thank you for having released me from the command of them."

As he spoke he turned suddenly to one of his men, who had stepped forward and whispered something in his ear.

"Take that, you infernal scoundrel!" he exclaimed, dashing his sword hilt against the fellow's mouth with a force that sent him reeling back into the ranks with his front teeth knocked out and his jaw broken.

"What's the matter?" said Barton in great surprise, while the sharp click of gunlocks cocking, ran along his own ranks.

"Only an illustration of what I just told you," said the officer, bitterly; "that fellow proposed to seize you and hold you, so that your men could not fire on them without killing you, while they made terms for their own safety."

"They wouldn't have gained much by that," said Barton, coolly, "my men are used to hitting nothing but what they aim at, when they have time to aim at all."

"Well, let him go," said the officer, "I believe I have spoiled his talking for a while."

The Tories were then ordered to march forward into the woods, the Americans guarding them on each side, and so they proceeded along the course of the little stream, leading the horse with them, until they reached the junction of the roads. A whistle from Barton was answered from a little distance in the woods, and soon after the horses of the troop issued forth, following the soldiers who were mounted on the foremost. The whole party reached the American camp, without any farther disturbance about daybreak, and Barton reported himself at head-quarters and delivered his prisoners. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance $3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first TEN's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome steel engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a

The Americans as He Appears in England

The national idea in France of an English [illegible] an amusing caricature of the real John Bull. Notwithstanding England and France are separated only by a narrow channel, still it seems impossible for the mass of Frenchmen to regard the English character as it actually is. On the other hand, probably there is nearly the same amount of divergence from the truth, in the English national idea of a Frenchman. Descended as the two nations are from different stocks, and speaking different languages, perhaps this apparent impossibility of correctly apprehending each other, is not altogether to be wondered at, however much it is to be regretted as the fruitful cause of continual misunderstandings and quarrels.

But if there are any two peoples which should be able correctly to apprehend each other, they are the English and the Americans. Having mainly the same origin, and speaking the same tongue, one would suppose that neither nation would be in any danger of greatly misapprehending the true character of the other. And yet we are inclined to believe, that a very large proportion of Americans are almost as unjust to the English as the French are; while we are certain that a large proportion of Englishmen have a very ridiculous caricature in their mind's eye, when thinking of an American, instead of the true lineaments of the American himself. In proof of this, we will extract a short passage from a story now appearing in "Chambers's Journal"—an English periodical which generally manifests more than the usual freedom from narrow prejudices. The scene is laid in California—at a store kept by a man called "Old Simon":

The store lay a little apart from the other buildings, and was generally quiet enough, for no liquor was sold there, which would otherwise have made it a general rendezvous. As Marsden drew near to it that evening, he was therefore surprised to find it full of people, and the scene of much excitement and turmoil. An American gentleman, one of a band of his fellow-countrymen who had recently arrived at the Maryysos Diggings, a little way gone in liquor, and a very great way gone in native illhumor and insolence, was holding forth to a company there assembled upon the propriety of "chawing Old Simon up for good and all." Having been steadily refused some article which he had insisted upon buying at considerably under cost price, he had resented it as an encroachment upon his personal freedom and independence.

"I guess you've lived too long, old man, you have. You'll have to stop it precious soon, I guess you will. It won't do with *my* countrymen, and that's a fact."

A murmur of patriotic satisfaction from the American portion of his auditory followed these noble sentiments. The rest were silent, and rather pleased than otherwise, as most persons are with any dramatic performance which they witness gratuitously. The old storekeeper himself stood behind his little counter with his eyes wistfully watching for some expression of good-will towards him; but he watched in vain.

"I guess a ducking would make your beard grow, old man," pursued the American, pointing to a huge butt of precious water, which stood just within the door, for sale. "Am I to have those fixings, or am I not?"

Old Simon did not utter a word, but grim Defiance flashed from under his eyebrows, "No!"

"You won't, stranger!" continued the other with a malicious drawl, and producing his revolver. "Do you know that this is rather a dangerous wippon?"

"Not now," remarked a quiet, decisive voice immediately beside the speaker, and the same instant Robert Marsden had plucked the pistol from his hand, and cast it into the butt a fathom deep under water. "No shooting old men here, my transatlantic friend."

Half-a-dozen revolvers were at once drawn from their belts and pointed at the daring young Englishman, and the most awful threats and imprecations showered upon him by the infuriated American and his friends.

"You won't see me shot down by a lot of Yankees!" exclaimed the young man coolly, addressing the Maryeross portion of his audience with that easy confidence which seldom fails to carry its own warrant. "Thank you, gentlemen. I thought you would never let *that* be. We're seven to six, so the survivor will be upon our side when each has killed his man."

Old Simon, who had vanished in some mysterious manner beneath his counter, now reappeared, and spoke for the first time. "Pray, let there be no blood shed under this roof, and above all, for my sake, young gentleman. If the man's revolver is hurt, I will give him a better one, but let us have no murder done, for God's sake." The old man's words had little weight with either party, but the time consumed in listening to them was of value in stopping the immediate broil.

"It seems to me," observed an Englishman, quietly, "that it would be more according to common sense—although I'm as game as any man for a general scrimmage—that the two as made the quarrel should fight it out. What say you, toy young mister?"

"I say, with all my heart," observed Marsden, carelessly: "but we must make haste about it, for I start to-morrow at sunrise."

"You'll not do that, I reckon," responded the Yankee, savagely; "I guess you'll be catawampeciously chawed up this night, you will."

"Come out, you chattering jail-bird!" replied Marsden, who was not in a conciliatory frame of mind, and whose contempt and hatred of the Yankee race was at all times extreme. "Take off your coat, and hold your boastful tongue. Put your stabbing-knife away, there, and double your fists as much like a man as you can."

This mode of fighting was objected to by the other party, as not being of a sufficiently sanguinary character to suit their man, and gratify the stomach of his great revenge; but the crowd which had by this time been drawn together outside the store from the village was overwhelmingly English, and hailed the proposal of a match at fisticuffs much in the same manner as the more poetical portion of the Australian public upon a more recent occasion welcomed a daisy. It was redolent to them of the old country, and awoke all sorts of pleasant reminiscences.

"A ring! a ring!" was shouted, and the two combatants stepped forward into the speedily formed circle of spectators. Robert Marsden was seconded by his junior partner, who had been attracted like the rest by the disturbance, and was surprised enough to find his friend the moving cause of it. The Yankee was the peculiar care, not of one, but of all his countrymen, who each bestowed upon him their particular advice and instruction in such phrases as "Gouge him!" "Gouge the darned critter's eye!" "Whittle that 'ere skunk to chips!" with other encouraging adjurations. The antagonists were stripped to their waists, in a few seconds, and exhibited sufficient contrast to have been taken as types of their respective races. The Yankee was tall and bony, with little flesh or blood, but years and exercise had given him a superiority in respect of muscle, which stood out of his hard, long arms like lumps of iron. The the "Fancy" designate as meaning what "fleshy," but his limbs had the litheness of youth, and worked together with a unison and mutual understanding that are scarcely attainable without some practice in the art of self-defence.

Of course the American is supposed to get the worse of the encounter—a supposition which, in a story written to amuse Englishmen, is not at all to be objected to. Besides, the fight was hardly a fair one, between one accustomed to pugilistic encounters, and a raw hand at such affairs.

But what is fairly to be objected to in the above narrative, is the caricature which is there held up as the true portrait of an American. That there is a small number of Americans who bear some faint resemblance to the caricature in question, we may admit—although we had never the felicity to meet with any of them. That there may be Americans who talk of "*chawing up*" people—who want to buy at considerably under cost price, and will use their revolvers to enforce such hard bargains—and who express themselves generally in such beautiful phrases as "*catawampciously chawed up*," "*gouge the darned critter's eyes*," and "*whittle that ere skunk to chips*," may be perhaps true—though we, a native of the land, and who have travelled considerably through its Northern and Western sections, never remember to have heard any of these graphic expressions. But to imply that the American people generally are disposed to tolerate such unfairness, and use such peculiar phrases, is simply nonsensical, if not worse. Let the English people consider one fact, in answer to all these misrepresentations. The discovery of the gold washings and diggings in California, precipitated upon that territory tens of thousands of the most lawless and reckless of our population. There was no law there to restrain them, no power to enforce any laws if laws had existed—but yet this motley, heterogeneous population, manifested a healthy and noble instinct of self-government from the very first. Goods and gold were as safe in the tents and huts of the mining districts, as they are this moment in many a city of Europe—newspapers were established — and Judge Lynch's court was quite as fair and just a one as the average of more regular courts through the civilized world. If the "cantankerous" and "catawamperous" type of Americans does exist, it must have been in all its force in California at the time we speak of—and yet, the facts being as we have related, it would seem fully to prove that even that class of Americans have a natural instinct in favor of Civilization, and Law, and Justice.

THE inland department of the London Telegraph Company employs 100 young ladies, who receive and transmit the messages from all parts of the United Kingdom. The room in which they are engaged in this occupation is lofty, spacious, and admirably lighted and ventilated. A number of long tables are placed across the room, upon which the instruments are placed, the attendant being seated opposite each one. In the intervals which occur between the receipt or sending of messages, the young ladies employ themselves in crochet or other needlework, others in reading; and there is an air of comfort, cleanliness and content about the whole room that contrasts most favorably with many other occupations for females. The young ladies earn from 10s. to 25s. per week; their hours of work are from 9 to 6, from 10 to 7, and from 11 to 8, P. M. There is a kitchen in which to cook their dinners, and a servant to wait on them; a lavatory also, and everything required for their comfort and convenience. The access to the room is by a staircase exclusively devoted to the ladies, and no person of the ruder sex is upon any account admitted into their department except upon a special order. The experiment of employing females has proved to demonstration, that the proverbial incapacity of women to keep a secret is a proverbial untruth. Of the thousands of important and valuable secrets which must yearly come to the knowledge of these young ladies, not a single one has ever transpired.

We would suggest to the Telegraph Companies of the United States, the employment of young ladies, especially in the minor offices, instead of the boys and very young men now employed. It is a perfect farce now-a-days to depend upon the telegraph—as you can generally reach a place quicker by the regular mail. We telegraphed to Elmira, New York, some months ago, being assured that the message should go at once—as if it were not forwarded at once, it was no use in forwarding it at all. It reached Elmira about *eighteen* hours afterwards. But you have only to enter many of the telegraph offices, and see the young scamps to whom this important duty is entrusted, to understand the cause of all these delays. Young ladies would be more reliable in every way.

RESIGNATION OF MR. CHEYNEY.—We regret to learn from the current number of that excellent paper, the *Sunday-School Times*, that Mr. Waldron J. Cheyney has resigned his position as treasurer and principal business agent of the American Sunday-School Union. The following extract from an article in the *Times* contains a warm tribute to Mr. Cheyney from those best acquainted with his worth:—

"Mr. Cheyney entered upon the service of the Society at a time when, in the opinion of many of its staunchest friends, its affairs were hopelessly embarrassed, and when disaster and dismay were well nigh universal. Under the sound business policy which he suggested, and which he so ably administered, the institution safely weathed the storm, and has been piloted into smooth and tranquil waters. There are, it is believed, few instances on record, in which a business of such extent, and so seriously deranged, has in so short a time been restored to such entire soundness, and been reinstated in even more than pristine vigor. The American Sunday School Union, in its best former years, never did so large or healthful a business as it is doing at this present time. We feel that we are but speaking the universal sentiment of those well acquainted with its affairs when we say that for this most propitious resuscitation of its strength, it is very largely indebted to the sagacity, the energy, and the general business ability of our retiring treasurer. In whatever sphere of labor Mr. Cheyney may hereafter be engaged, he carries with him the best wishes of the managers and officers of this institution."

We may add here that the *Sunday-School Times* is edited by Professor Hart — whose learning and ability are well known—and we should think the paper would meet the peculiar wants of all interested in Sunday-schools.

[illegible] readers will admit this to be one of the finest devotional [illegible] that ever read. When the "Partisans" [illegible] to work they do good service, and plenty of it,—this much we may be allowed to assure the public of beforehand. The engravings are designed by Mr. Wiste, one of the first artists in his line, and engraved by Mr. Lounderback, with what great effect and correctness our readers can judge for themselves.

"THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," is, as we know it would, awakening attention as a story of great power. The chapter in the present paper is one of remarkable interest. We expect to announce another story before long from the same talented pen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JULIAN HOME. A Tale of College Life. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of "Eric; or, Little by Little." Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

AMERICAN NOTES AND PIC-NIC PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

OUR BIBLE CLASS, AND THE GOOD THAT CAME OF IT. By Miss CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York.

THE GOLDFIELDS OF ST. DOMINGO; With a Description of the Agricultural, Commercial, and Other Advantages of Dominica. By W. S. COURTNEY, Esq. Published by Anson P. Norton, New York.

LIFE'S EVENING: OR, THOUGHTS FOR THE AGED. By the author of "Life's Morning," &c. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston; and for sale by Smith, English & Co., 40 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS; Supplementary to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts. Published by D. Dana, Jr., New York; and McCarter & Dawson, Charleston, S. C.

HISTORY OF THE EARLY CHURCH. By the author of "Amy Herbert." For the Use of Young Persons. Published by Appleton & Co., of New York; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr. 724 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE for April. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philada.

☞ Ben Jonson being one night at the Devil Tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company who interrupted all other discourses with an account of his lands and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear it longer, said to him, "What signifies your dirt and clouts to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit." "Have you so," said the countryman, "good Mr. Wiseacre?" This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben mute for the time. "Why, how now, Ben?" said one of the company; "you seem to be quite stung." Said he, "I never was picked by a hobnail before."

☞ We hear a great deal about Great Britain's poor-laws. But we fear that there are a great many laws quite as poor in our own country.

THE LITTLE RED MOROCCO HAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUNT ALICE.

How true it is that "children live in the future, young people in the present, and old folks in the past." Do not our children tell us of the great deeds they will do when they "grow big?" while our young folks, that is our grown up children, can only tell of what they did yesterday, or what they will do to-day, or to morrow? No farther back, no farther forward, the present time alone is theirs. Grandfather or grandmother take but little interest in this, they can only talk of the good old times, when they were young, and women were so good, and men so brave.

Children usually delight in the tales of the past as told by grandma, but our young ladies and gents are apt to become impatient, and sometimes blush to hear her tell of their childish pranks, for they wish us to forget that they ever were younger, smaller, or less polished than they are now.

We lived for many years in a family where there was a good old grandmother, and of all her many grandchildren, her favorite was "Henry," the youngest son of her youngest daughter. And Henry dearly loved his grandmother, and well he might, she nursed him, petted him, and concealed his faults as far as she could—and whenever he got into a scrape he knew who to apply to. As long as Henry considered himself a child, he delighted in hearing grandma's praises, and her long stories of his remarkably smart babyhood. But long before we thought him anything but a boy, Henry began to think himself a man, and it was then that he first began to dread grandmother's reminiscences. There was one in particular, that always made him nervous, and it chanced to be her favorite story of the past.

Let any one speak in her presence of Boston, or of a ship launching, or of Henry's hair, or hat, and she was sure to begin at once in this way:

"Oh, yes, I lived in Boston once; Henry was a baby then, and when the great ship Ordeal was launched, nothing would do grand'ther but I must see the sight, and so we dressed up little Henry, such a mite of a thing as he was, only two years old. I remember his dress to this day; 'twas a turkey red calico, and the tiniest little blue stockings that his Aunt Nabby knit him, and green cloth shoes that I made, 'cause he kicked out shoes so fast we couldn't afford to buy 'em. But I just wish you could 'a seen his *hat!* 'twas a red morocco hat, turned up at the ears with two brass buttons, and when he got *that* hat on, if he didn't look cute! his yaller curls hung all round his eyes, and he'd cry and cry for his 'little red 'rocco hat' till we—"

Poor old grandmother Moore! she could not imagine why Henry always left the room before her story was finished. We often tried to get the history of the launching of the good ship "Ordeal," without the hat, but it was of no use; that *hat* was uppermost in the good old lady's mind, and it must be put on before the launching could be described. Just as sure as any young people came in socially of an evening, and Henry, full of fun, cut up any of his pranks, grandma would begin with, "Well, he always was the cutest young 'un—I wish you could 'a seen him with his little red morocco hat on!" and the "cute young 'un's" face would glow like burning coals, and his fun be spoiled for the evening

We were obliged to hide our mirth from grandma, and pretend to laugh at something else. "The little red morocco hat" became a perfect nightmare to Henry, and much as we laughed over it to ourselves, we dared not mention it to him, for we soon found out that it made him really angry. Well as he loved his grandmother, and much as he owed her, he dreaded to hear her speak if any of his young friends were present; and she spoiled his birthday party completely, when he was twenty-one, by calling some young ladies to her early in the evening, and telling them how "cute Henry looked when he was two years old, in his little red morocco hat turned up at the ears." Now, the very idea of such a hat on that noble-looking head, and the thought that those thick dark locks were ever "yellow curls," was too ludicrous, and the girls laughed outright.

At one time Henry took quite a fancy to Nellie Ford, a young lady visiting some friends in our village, and we began to think it would be a match, although we knew Henry had not yet proposed. Nellie was spending the day with us girls, and Henry was to come home from his office at an early hour, to see her home, and invite her to a picnic for the following Thursday. He took great pains with his toilet that day, and as he walked briskly home, his mind was filled with pleasant fancies, and if all things went well, who knows but he will offer him-elf for a longer partnership than merely the picnic?

Grandmother was sitting in the room with us; Nellie, seated at the window, was evidently looking for some one, and at length Henry appeared, walking briskly up the path.

"How very becoming that summer hat is to Mr. Moore," said Nellie, as she returned his bow and smile through the open window.

"Do you think so?" said grandmother—"La, I wish you could 'a seen him when he was only two year old, with his cunning little *red morocco hat!*"

At that moment Henry entered the room, and hearing those detestable words, he turned on his heel, and left the house without a word, and was not seen again that evening.—Nellie went home immediately after tea, and left town a few days after, without meeting Henry again. He called upon her the next day, but she was angry, and would not see him, so they never met again.

That match was no doubt spoiled by the "little red morocco hat." "Matches are made in heaven," 'tis said, and "what is to be, will be." Henry found a mate at last, and he is now an old married man, with five or six boys of his own; some with light curls, and some with black—but not one of them has ever worn a *red morocco hat.*

☞ The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.

THE FREE QUAKERS.

In connection with what is told of the "Free Quakers" in the fine revolutionary story now being published in THE POST, we add the following interesting account for which we are indebted to the *Press*:—

The American Revolution was a trying period for members of the Society of Friends. As a body, they were determined opponents of the system of tyranny under which our country groaned, and were warm in their approval of the doings and resolves of the First Continental Congress, held in Carpenter's Hall, in this city; but they had views of religious truth which disallowed an appeal to arms under any circumstances. On the 24th day of 1st month, 1775, the "Testimony of the people called Quakers, given forth by a meeting of the representatives of said people in Pennsylvania and New Jersey," was agreed upon, in which it was declared that they had ground of hope, and believe, that decent and respectful addresses from those who are vested with legal authority, representing the prevailing dissatisfaction, and the cause of them would avail in obtaining relief, ascertaining and establishing the just rights of the people, and restoring the public tranquillity. In this hope, which, to us, seems *not* a very reasonable one, many shared at that time, and, indeed, long after; for it is to be remembered that the war had been in operation some months before many were convinced of the necessity of a separation from the mother country.

It is probable that very many of the Friends continued firm until the conclusion of the war, to look for a restoration of the former Government; and yet, there were few exceptions to an entire neutrality among them.—There *were* cases in which it is probable the Quaker garb and speech were adopted by spies in the service of the British, and in a *few* instances Quakers were amenable to the charge of favoring the loyal party—but such cases were very rare. Washington is stated to have said to a friend, that at the beginning of the war he supposed the doctrine of non-resistance held by the Friends to have been owing more to their political preferences than to religious convictions, and that when he was in the midst of a Quaker community, as in Chester county and thereabouts, he did not feel at all secure against spies, but added, that further acquaintance with the people had convinced him of his error, and that in the district alluded to no Quaker acted as a spy. A few in Philadelphia, about a hundred in number, comprised, with few exceptions, all who felt it not inconsistent with their duty as Friends to take up arms in defence of their country; admitting, as all Christian people must, that war is a great evil, and yet thinking, with most such, that in the present state of the world it is a necessary one. A military company was formed, under command of Captain Humphreys, which was designated the "Quaker Company." Two, at least, of the Generals of the Revolution, Mifflin and Greene, were of Quaker origin. Rigorously and impartially, all who took up arms on either side were disowned by the Society of Friends.

The Society of *Free* (afterwards called *Fighting*) Quakers, [illegible] memorial presented by them to the Legislature in 1786, by those who were "disowned by the people called Quakers, on account of their attachment to the cause of their country, during the great and important conflict for Freedom and Independence, and have, therefore, been deprived of their religious rights and privileges, without even a distant probability of a reunion with them upon consistent principles."

At the close of the war, these endeavored to regain some of the rights and properties in which they had shared, but the cause was decided against them. There were, unfortunately, a few "black sheep" among them who had been disowned for causes not so honorable as even an *excess* of patriotism, and this fact probably turned the scale.

By far a larger part, however, were upright, respectable citizens. Perhaps the most eminent among them (and the founder of the new society) was Samuel Wetherill, the grandfather of the late well-known John Price Wetherill. A sketch of his life—interesting on other accounts, and especially so as treating of his connection with the Free Quakers—is given in an address delivered before the Philadelphia Hose Company on the celebration of their fiftieth anniversary in 1853, by (our late) Mayor Vaux. To this we are indebted for several of the facts of the present article.

The memorial to the Legislature which we have quoted states that "the society of Free Quakers * * * established through necessity arising out of a great revolution, had, with the assistance of their Christian fellow-citizens, purchased a lot of ground and erected thereon a meeting-house of their own to perform worship in to Almighty God."

We learn, from the address of Mr. Vaux, that the money for this purpose was chiefly raised by the exertions of Mr. Wetherill, and that among the names on the subscription list are those of Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, John Cadwalader, and other distinguished citizens.

The old meeting-house at the corner of Fifth and Arch bears on its gable a tablet with this inscription:

"By General Subscription
FOR THE
FREE QUAKERS
Erected in the YEAR *of our* LORD 1783,
Of the Empire 8."

Dec. 26th, 1783, a petition was presented to the Executive Council of this State from persons representing the society called Free Quakers, requesting that they might be allowed the preference in the purchase from the State of a piece of ground on the north side of Spruce street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, to be leased by them for a burial ground.

The Council referred the matter to the Assembly, who laid the memorial "on the table."

August 26th, 1786, a bill passed the Assembly giving to the Free Quakers the lot on the west side of Fifth street, below Prune, which is still in possession of the society, and is known as the "Fighting Quaker burying ground." The act donating the ground is not published in the collection of Pennsylvania laws, it being a "private act."

The circumstances which gave rise to the sect of Free Quakers are past, and not likely to occur again. Many used to listen to the addresses delivered in their old meeting-house by Samuel Wetherill; among the rest Mrs. Madison, the wife of President Madison, frequently attended. But years have passed since the sound of a preacher's voice has been heard there.

It was, we understand, some time since resolved not to disown from the society those who became members of other denominations of Christians, so that there are now quite a large number nominally in its connection for the sake of "auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Vaux, in his address, makes the following quotation from the speech of "a distinguished gentleman and fellow-citizen of national character," in reference to the subject of our story.

The last man alluded to was the late J. P. Wetherill, grandson of the founder, and at the same time clerk of the meeting and captain of a troop of cavalry:

"I shall not pause long on the Free Quakers, commonly called Fighting Quakers, who furnished gallant field and company officers in the Revolutionary War, and who, excluded from the regular body of Friends, formed a sect of their own. The men died game and the sect died game. I think that some years ago it had dwindled to one man. Now, almost any other sect so reduced would have either sought proselytes or given up its own observances. But this last man did neither. On every First-day morning, this unaccompanied remnant sat under the old accustomed rooftree of the meeting-house, at Fifth and Mulberry Streets, and spent two hours in solitary peace in contemplative meditation on his pugnacious ancestors, and in solemn communion with his own heart. I tell you that when he hears that last trumpet, that 'Friend' will stand to his arms."

BITUMENIZED "PAPER" PIPES.—The ingenious idea of hardening paper by means of an admixture of bitumen under the influence of hydraulic pressure, so as to convert it into a substitute for iron, is due, it appears, to M. Jalourean, of Paris. The world has already become familiar with the utility and value of *papier mache*, as a substitute for stone or marble in moulding, architectural castings, busts, and statues. It has also heard recently that the Chinese constructed their cannon of prepared paper lined with copper, and that they even make paper pipes; that an eccentric character at Norwood has built himself a house of paper; and that our American friends have invented a veritable paper brick; but nothing, it is believed, has lately come before the British public, in the way of paper, so curious, and yet practicable, as these bituminous paper pipes. Testing experiments, conducted under the great clock-tower at the House of Parliament, are reported to have "proved that the material, while it possessed all the tenacity of iron, with one-half its specific gravity, had double the strength of stoneware tubes, without moreover, being liable to breakage, as in the case of clayey material, and which frequently causes a loss to the contractor of some 20 or 25 per cent. on the supply." In order to test their strength, two of these bituminous paper pipes of five inch bore and half an inch thick, were subjected to hydraulic power, and they are said to have sustained, without breaking or bursting, a pressure of 220 pounds to the square inch, or equivalent to 506 feet head of water. The cost of the pipes is understood to be about one-half the cost of iron. Specimens of pipes employed in the transmission of gas at the Palace des Invalides during the last eighteen months were exhibited by Messrs. Joske and Young, the proprietors.—*English paper.*

☞ Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man, perhaps, does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.—*Addison.*

☞ Do not always refuse to weep with those who weep, because their cause for tears does not appear *to you* to be precisely adequate to the effect.

☞ Sir Thomas Browne said: "Thou, who so hotly declaimest against the devil, be not guilty of diabolism."

☞ A brave soldier knows how to beat a retreat, and history records some retreats that were hard to beat.

☞ Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.—*Sterling.*

☞ When Rachel (the great French tragedienne) saw her stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a shepherdess, her comment was, "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on her flock."

As sings the pine tree in the wood,
So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine;
Her strength and soul has laughing France
Shed in each drop of wine.

☞ There is scarcely any more delightful emotion than that which we feel when a friend who has sacrificed our esteem, by some noble act recovers it with interest.

☞ Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is, to watch the success of our enemy; its wages, to be sure of it.—*Colton.*

☞ FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation.

☞ The young Queen of Portugal, lately asked her husband, at dinner, what wine he preferred. "Port-you-gal," was the reply.

MACAULAY'S LOW OPINION OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

The *Southern Literary Messenger* publishes the following letter—never before published—from the late distinguished historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay, to the Hon. Henry S. Randall, of New York, author of the Life of Jefferson. A prefatory article in the Messenger says:—

"We should have been glad to publish the reply, couched in as decisive a tone as his own, which went back to the *living* Lord Macaulay; but this being withheld, we have no disposition to make any issue, and much less a quasi personal issue, with the deceased historian. We have quite too settled a respect for our Constitution to suppose it needs a formal defence from the criticisms of any foreigner. And it would be to the last degree puerile to take offence, and offer retaliation, on account of opinions no more condemnatory of the institutions of the United States, than are those of a great majority of Americans condemnatory of the institutions of Lord Macaulay's native land."

TO HENRY S. RANDALL, ESQ., &c., &c.

HOLLY LODGE, Kensington, London, May 23, 1857.

DEAR SIR:

* * * * * * *

You are surprized to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson,—and I am a little surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line, and that I never, in Parliament, in conversation, or even on the hustings,—a place where it is the fashion to court the populace,—uttered a word indicating an opinion that the supreme authority in a State ought to be entrusted to the majority of citizens told by the head, in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty, or civilization, or both.

In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous. What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness. Such a system would, in twenty years, have made France as poor and barbarous as the France of the Carlovingians. Happily the danger was averted; and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press. Liberty is gone; but civilization has been saved. I have not the smallest doubt that, if we had a purely democratic government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich, and civilization would perish; or order and property would be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would perish.

You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the old world; and, while that is the case, the Jeffersonian polity may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams; and, in those Manchesters and Birminghams, hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal. In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and sometimes a little rioting. But it matters little. For here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class, numerous indeed, but select, of an educated class, of a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Accordingly, the malcontents are firmly, yet gently, restrained. The bad time is got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent.—The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again; work is plentiful; wages rise; and all is tranquillity and cheerfulness. I have seen England pass three or four times through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass, in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war; and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For with you the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries? Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a working man who hears his children cry for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should, in a year of scarcity, devour all the seed corn, and thus make the next year a year, not of scarcity, but of absolute famine. There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand; or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth;—with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals, who ravaged the Roman Empire, came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.

Thinking thus, of course, I cannot reckon Jefferson among the benefactors of mankind. I readily admit that his intentions were good and his abilities considerable. Odious stories have been circulated about his private life; but I do not know on what evidence those stories rest; and I think it probable that they are false, or monstrously exaggerated. I have no doubt that I shall derive both pleasure and information from your account of him.

I have the honor to be,
Dear Sir,
Your faithful servant,
T. B. MACAULAY.

☞ Somebody says that a young lady should always ask four questions before accepting the hand of any young man, as follows: Is he honorable? Is he kind of heart? Can he support me comfortably? Does he take a paper? and (she may as well add) is that paper the SATURDAY EVENING POST?

☞ A skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

☞ THE VIRTUE OF CLEANLINESS.—Every one sits in judgment on a dirty sin, but clean it, dress it, and polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it is not so sinful after all. It is ragged iniquity that shocks their delicacy.

☞ There is a man in New York whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.

☞ A SCOTCH QUEEN.—When her Majesty was leaving Edinburgh for the North, says the *Glasgow Herald*, she entered the royal railway carriage in presence of the Duke of Buccleuch and a very small circle of spectators. Her Majesty immediately commenced to arrange the interior, and forthwith she reappeared at the door of the carriage and with her own royal hands held out a heavy chair, which she intimated was one too many. This little trait recalls to mind the anecdote of the Princess of Prussia, who, on being very delicately and sagely apprised that it was not usual for Prussian Princesses to hand chairs, replied with great sweetness, "My mother, the Queen of England, hand chairs for herself and her children too."

☞ The gleeful laugh of happy children is the best home-music; and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary.

☞ It was remarked by Dionysius, the sophist, in counselling moderation in pleasure, "that honey should be eaten from the tip of the finger."

☞ THE SERVANT'S SUNDAY.—A lady, on hiring a servant girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of service. The lady, however, found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Na, na," said the lass, "I canna do that; I wanda gie the crack (conversation) o' the kirk-yard for a' the service."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Character.*

☞ A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes she had ordered; and, among others, insisted that they were not fellows. Crispin replied, that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the modesty of her disposition, and that she was not fond of *fellows.*

☞ Rowland Hill once said, on seeing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling: "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think much better of those who make their religion an umbrella."

☞ A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage-money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

☞ THE POST-BOY AND THE SAINTS.—When I was travelling through Italy, the post-boy cursed all the saints in Paradise, and five miles round. "Why five miles round?" "Because some of them may be at their country houses."

☞ The following is an alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art:—A lady, last week, had her likeness taken by a photographist; and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

☞ Some of the tavern-keepers are getting alarmed at the extent to which the wholesale liquor merchants adulterate their beverages, and are about petitioning for a more limited use of strychnine. They say, so much is now infused into their spirits that it don't give a customer time to pay for his whiskey.

☞ If you want to be admired for your attainments, do not exhibit the several steps of your progress. It makes no real difference; but fools have little respect for what they can measure. It is only with the best judges that the highest works of art would lose none of their honor by being seen in their rudiments.

THE CASE OF MRS. BRENNAN.—We learn, says the New York Tribune, through a private letter from Florence, that Mrs. Brennan, whose disappearance from Staten Island caused so much excitement some fifteen months ago, and who was supposed to have been murdered is now in Italy, and was recently for a short time in Florence. By whom she was accompanied we are not informed, but she is thought not to have been alone. She was seen and recognized there by persons who knew her perfectly. This would seem to set entirely at rest the story of her murder, which has for sometime past been supposed to be without foundation in fact.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

No country in Europe presents more interesting features to the historian, the philosopher, the statesman, and the poet, than Italy. The short, but brilliant, campaign of last year—the subsequent negotiations for a final settlement of the Italian question—the critical position of affairs at the present time—all contribute to impart an occasional interest to Italy and the Italians. The question as it now agitates the public mind, and occupies the attention of our Senate, bears chiefly on the proposed annexation of Savoy to France. The result of the war is such as to render the re-adjustment of Italian affairs absolutely necessary. Venetia is still held by Austria—Naples retains its old government—the ducal sovereigns of Central Italy have been put to flight—the temporal authority of the Roman See is shaken—Victor Emmanuel hesitates to accept the homage of his voluntary subjects—Savoy, part of his dominion, is sought to be regarded as a natural frontier to the French Empire, and the end of the contest is still involved in obscurity.—Many States are interested in the solution of this hard problem—this Gordian knot, which the sword has not completely severed. Sardinia, Piedmont, Savoy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Rome, Naples, Venetia, are all alike concerned—for of these Italian States modern Italy is composed.

Who are the English? who are the French? are questions easily enough answered; but who are the Italians? requires a longer and more complicated reply. How comes it that the Italians are so broken into different States—parcelled out under different rulers—marked by different customs and manners?—The answer takes us back to a distant period of history, from which we must trace the origin of the condition of modern Italy.

On the fall of the Roman Empire the ancient glory of Italy departed. The Goths—eastern and western—having triumphed over the vaunted invincibility of Roman prowess, established their own authority on the ruins of the fallen empire. But the patriotism of the Italians was aroused some years later, and the kingdom of Italy was wrested from the Gothic princes.—The Lombards aided the Italians in their struggle, and from being their allies soon became their masters. To resist the aggressions of the Lombards, the Franks were invited to render assistance, and so Charlemagne triumphed, and Italy was again prostrate under a new ruler. On the death of Charlemagne, his empire was divided among his sons, and Italy fell into the hands of a German prince. Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany, became the nominal ruler of Italy. Disputes between the Pope and the Emperor afforded opportunity for the Lombard nobles, by adhering sometimes to one cause and sometimes to another, ultimately to assume a virtual independence, and by a treaty signed at Constance, 1183, this independence was acknowledged by the Emperor, on condition of a small annual payment. The Italian cities assumed a republican form of government; Milan, Florence, Venice Genoa, Pisa, became the capitals of so many free States, distinguished for all that could add to the comfort or embellishment of society. But at the same time that these republics gave impulse to civilization, and refinement to the revival of learning and the cultivation of the arts, animosities of the deadliest kind were fostered by the rival States; [illegible] contest of arts they betook themselves [illegible] and prosecuted their hostilities with all the eagerness of a personal and the rancour of a political quarrel. Foreign mercenaries were engaged on all sides: and the soil of Italy was trampled by German, French, and Spanish troops. The governments which these troops represented soon turned their arms against those whom they had come to assist, and the Italians saw, too late, that—to employ an oriental proverb—"they had called in lions to drive out dogs." Since the subversion of the old republic (1530,) the Italians have ceased to exercise any real power in the government of their country. Parcelled out amongst foreign rulers or their descendants, they have been deprived of their ancient liberties; and divided amongst themselves, "the victim by turns of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has sunk like a star from its place in heaven." But although Italy has thus, for so long a period, been the unfortunate victim of adverse circumstances, the spirit of liberty still survives, and warrants the belief that a bright future awaits her.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The question of the annexation of Savoy continues to be the most prominent topic of discussion. It was receiving the comments of the European press generally, and occupying the serious attention of the governments. It was reported that Sardinia had consented to entertain the proposition of annexation so far as to allow the inhabitants of Savoy to vote on the subject. The House of Commons had voted an address to the crown, approving of the French commercial treaty. All the amendments proposed by the opposition were rejected by a large majority. It is reported that since Sardinia has rejected Napoleon's programme for Italy, the French troops have received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The evacuation of Lombardy, and return of the army to France are threatened, if Sardinia does not reconsider her opposition to the views of Napoleon. Lord John Russell had stated, in the House of Commons, that the governments of Austria and Russia had concurred in the views of England, although Russia had not replied officially.

The war with Morocco is estimated to have cost Spain $25,000,000 and 15,000 lives, for which she has conquered a city not worth the keeping. So declare her own journals.

LIVERPOOL, March 10th.—The Brokers' circular reports Cotton dull, at a decline of fully ⅛ on most descriptions; the heaviest fall being on the middling and lower grades. The market closed with a general desire to realize on the part of holders.

Flour and Wheat are dull but steady; Corn dull; Pork dull for new lots, but firm for old, owing to re-shipment for New York. Beef quiet, with holders offering freely, but evincing no disposition to press sales. The market closed in favor of buyers. Bacon firm and steady. Middles 51@53s. Cheese firm and active; Lard firm but quiet at 80@81s for fine qualities. Tallow steady at 60@60s 6d. Ashes quiet at 29s 6d@30s for Pots and 33@33s 6d for Pearls. Sugar heavy; Coffee quiet; Rice firm. Bengal had advanced 3@6d; Carolina quoted at 23@24s. Bark dull.

☞ A Yankee bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was "three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died reasonably, as the *tail* was long enough not "to be continued."

DEATH IN THE "GOLDEN LAND."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE E. PAINE.

A miner laid him down to rest beneath a stranger sky,
Parched with the glowing fever heat, he laid him down to die,
One comrade lingered by his side, to soothe his dying pain,
To list his parting words, and weep when death had rent the chain.
His waving hair tossed o'er a brow of beauty, fair and high,
How sad that one so noble, thus in loneliness should die.
"Come nearer to me, brother, now," the pale lips softly said,
"Soon will this form of mine lie low, amid the gathered dead

"Oh, cease thy bitter weeping, for life's last, *last* hour has come,
And I would have thee bear my words of love to those at home;
Oh, home! *dear* home, how sweet the sound; it dims e'en now my eye,
For, oh! I'm thinking 'twould be blest in that loved spot to die.
I'm thinking of the sad adieu, the tearful, prayerful hand,
The hour when last I looked upon my own fair native land
When full of hope the proud ship sailed, and fancy pictured o'er
Alluring scenes of wealth and gold upon this far off shore

"I'm thinking of a mother's love, her fond, her last farewell,
A father's hand in blessing given, how tremblingly it fell;
A sister's kiss, her clinging arms, so wildly round us thrown,
For *we* were all—the *only* sons, the idols of our home.
My father! thou will be his staff when he is growing old;
My mother! sister! would these arms once more could round you fold,
These lips again be pressed to yours, as in the days gone by,
Then calmly could I all resign, then joyfully I'd die

"Oh, tell them that I've loved them well, and in my dying hour
Their memory twined around my soul, with an o'ermastering power,
Tell them I heeded, cherished all the counsels that they gave,
And Christ hath given a victory o'er the terrors of the grave.
Thou knowest the precious Bible given, a guide hath ever been
Unto the wanderers' erring feet, a shield from deeds of sin;
And bid them not to mourn for me, for on a brighter shore,
I'll wait to welcome them, where death and tears will come no more.

"And there's another dear one still, waiting at home for me,
My voice grows faint—oh, don't forget this message given to thee—
Then it meet her—tell—oh, tell her, how her fond and trusting love
Hath smoothed my life an Eden path, like to the land above;
Her pictured face!—I'd gaze again within the beaming eyes—
Can aught be fairer, brother dear! within God's paradise?
Lay this sweet image near my heart, when I am cold in death,
And tell her that I blessed her name, e'en with my latest breath

"I'm sad to leave *thee*, brother, here in this far land alone,
But God will be a friend still dear, oh, look unto His throne.
He bids me come up higher, and I see the angel band,
A joy that is unfading waits me in that better land.
Death's dew is on my forehead, and I cannot see thy face,
Oh, check thy tears, and fold me close, within one last embrace."
Then cold the brow of beauty grew; smiles o'er the pale lips fell,
"I'm going home," he murmured low, "*dear* brother, fare thee well."

The love-light slowly faded then from out the beaming eye,
And spirit-wings unfolding, plumed a flight beyond the sky.
In *solitude*—with bitter tears, the brother gently laid
The loved one down to rest, within the grave his hands had made,
And then in loneliness of soul, his footsteps turned away,
To seek the home where prayer arose for those who went astray.
Now rests he in the lonely wild, where none will o'er him weep,
But mournful winds sigh round his tomb, and stark a night-watch keep.

Oh, rest thee, spirit! safely moored within the haven blest!
Where dreams of pride, of power and gold, no more shall lure thy breast;
Though angel voices wooed thee hence, in all life's strength and bloom,
Though human love shall never bring its offering to thy tomb,
Though death hath made thy lowly bed far from the home of love,
Thou rovest now the golden streets of Paradise above—
Thy wealth is immortality—a crown of glory bright—
A shining harp—a tearless home, in realms of fadeless light.

Pittsford, Vt.

☞ In reply to the oft repeated assertion that a man cannot marry his grandmother, Mr. Bunsby wishes to say that it is a mistake. You can marry your grandmamma, provided that you are a Justice of the Peace.

☞ Strict punctuality is perhaps the cheapest virtue which can give force to an otherwise utterly insignificant character.

☞ Thought is like eternity, in that we neither comprehend its commencement, nor anticipate its end.

INDIAN BABIES, DOCTORS,

CANNIBALISM, &c.

Mr. Kohl, the well-known traveller, was commissioned, as he says, by the government of the United States to prepare a great national work upon the history and geography of America; and while the negotiations concerning it were pending, installed himself upon La Pointe, an island in Lake Superior (Kitchi-Gami), to do a little Ojibbeway business in the meantime *there*.

He built his own wigwam in one of the Indian villages, or rather having taken unto himself a squaw, as an interpreter, *she* built that edifice for him. He says, "My Indian woman went out into the woods with an axe, felled the trees, and dragged them out; and her old mother and her young sister and her daughters, helped her in the job." Some men would have gallantly assisted these hard-laboring damsels, but Mr. Kohl did nothing of the kind, rightly concluding that any interference with recognized female duties would have prejudiced the natives against his naturalization. The ladies all worked with short tobacco-pipes in their mouths, and wooden cradles, with children in them, upon their backs. These *tikinagons* are quite little houses within houses, and are more carefully decorated and prepared than the dwellings of any of the grown up people. And to begin at the beginning, it may be as well to describe, reader, how *you*, *you*, if you had been an Ojibbeway—and why should you not have been so?

For is it not mere accident of birth
That we are not high-priests to Mumbo Jumbo?

—would have been lodged and boarded in early infancy.

THE WAY BABIES ARE TREATED.—"The principal factor in this infant's house is a flat board. For this purpose, poplar wood is selected; in the first place, because it is light; and, secondly, because it does not crack and splinter. On this board, a small frame of thin peeled wood is fastened, much after the shape of the child's body, and stands up from the board, like the sides of a violin from the sounding-board. It is fastened on with bast, because the Indians never use nails, screws, or glue. The cavity is filled and stuffed with very soft substances for the reception of the child. They prepare for this purpose a mixture composed of very fine dry moss, rotted cedar-wood, and a species of tender wool found in the seed vessels of a species of reed. * * *

"In this bed the little beings nestle up to the arm-pits; so far they are wrapped up tightly with bandages and coverings, but the head and arms are free. At a convenient distance above the head is a stiff circle of wood, also fastened to the cradle with the bast. It serves as a protection to the head, and if the cradle happen to fall over, it rests on this arch. In fact, you may roll in an Indian tikinagan over as much as you please, but the child cannot be injured."

Upon the arch over the head are hung within reach of the infant's hands its playthings and presents, which are of a nature that European children would not know very well what to do with—carefully worked moccasins, and miniature bows and arrows, omens of the baby's future pre-eminence in the chase or the battle. The coverlets thrown over the whole cradle, too, display great magnificence. One woman used a wide sky-blue cloth for this purpose, glistening with a couple of pounds of pearl-beads, and for which she said she had paid ten dollars, or half her yearly income.

"Immediately after birth, the little being is stretched out on the board, and its tender limbs laid straight; they drag and pull at it, make its back and legs as straight as possible, and place the feet exactly perpendicular, parallel, and close together, before packing it up. Thus, even in the cradle, care is taken that the Indian's feet should not turn outwards. A Canadian *voyageur* assured me that the Indians, at every step, covered an inch more ground than the Europeans who turn their feet out. In winter, it is impossible to use the snow-shoes, if the European fashion of walking is followed. But, besides the feet, the Indian mothers play tricks with other parts of the infant's body. Thus, for instance, they pay great attention to the nose, and try to pull it out so long as the cartilage remains soft, for a large nose is an ornament among the Indians."

No European infant is more petted than these small Ojibbeways, not only by their mothers, but by their otherwise phlegmatic fathers; and the death of one of these little ones is the cause of indescribable grief. Singularly enough, it is comforting to the wife on such occasions if her husband dies also. When people die, it seems, they all go along the path of souls. If they resist the attractions of a certain magnificent strawberry, they will probably go on prosperously till they come near Paradise. It is altogether a journey of from three to four days. Than a large broad river bars the way. Over it, there is no regular bridge. Something that looks like a great tree-stump lies across it. Its roots are firmly fastened on the opposite shore. On this side it raises its head, but it does not reach quite to the land. There is a small gap, over which the souls must hop. The log, too, is constantly shaking. Most of the souls spring across, balance themselves properly, and save themselves. Those, however, that jump short, or slip off the bridge, fall into the water, and are converted into toads or fishes. Hence it is not good when the deceased are bound to a board, for otherwise they might move freely, and perchance save themselves by swimming. If fastened to a board, they can be easily carried down with the stream. Little children, too, fare very badly here, because they are not good jumpers, and so they perish in great numbers at the bridge. Hence our mothers can never be consoled when their children die before the time when they could help themselves along the road to Paradise." They are glad when the father dies also, that he may help them across.

If the reader, in the supposed case of his being an infant Redskin, were taken ill at La Pointe, a doctor would be sent for of a very different character from any family practitioner in Great Britain. He would go down upon all-fours, and so crawl up to him and then back again many times, gazing fixedly upon the little patient all the while, as though he were his prey. Mr. Kohl, whose duty it clearly was to see everything, and who accordingly saw it, lifted up the curtain of a wigwam—peeped, as we should say, through the key-hole of a private dwelling house—and witnessed one of those medical experiments. The poor little being lay in its father's arms, who looked remarkably sorrowful and grieved. The doctor was crawling backwards and forwards, in the manner we have mentioned. "His chief instrument was a hollow, very white, and carefully polished bone. This bone, which was about two and a-half inches long, and of the thickness of a little finger, the doctor repeatedly swallowed, then brought it up again, blew on the child through it, sucked up the skin through the tube, and then ejected the illness he had drawn out into a basin, with many strange and terrible convulsions. All this was accompanied by incessant drumming, rattling, and singing by an assistant of the doctor, and many sighs from the mother of the child. But for all that, the poor little thing was hurrying rapidly to the grave." Even in the case of death, however, there is a strange method of keeping the poor child in remembrance. It is the custom among the Ojibbeways and other Indian tribes to cut off a lock of hair in memory of their deceased infants, and to wrap it up in paper and gay ribbons. Round it they lay the playthings, clothes and amulets of the little departed. These form a tolerably long and thick parcel, which is fastened up crosswise with string, and can be carried like a doll. "They give this doll a name, signifying 'misery' or 'misfortune,' and which may be best translated 'the doll of sorrow.'—This lifeless object takes the place of the deceased child."

When the year of grief is ended, a family feast is prepared, the clothes and other articles given away, and the lock of hair buried; but, in the meantime, however wearisome a journey she may have to undertake, the mother always drags this doll along with her; and the boys sit by the fire with it in their arms, and play with it, as though it were their living sister. On the breast is usually fastened the spoon with which the dead child used to be fed. The Ojibbeway system of wearing deep mourning is remarkable for its extreme simplicity. They rub a handful of charcoal over the entire face. When the deceased is not a near relative, however, or if some time has elapsed since the melancholy occurrence, they, like ourselves, have a way of displaying a "mitigated grief;" they wash half their faces, and leave the other half in shade. Their ordinary garments are very various, since their coats are of paint only, and can be renewed without the aid of a tailor. Red is their favorite hue, and next to that, as a "ground color," for the face, they affect yellow and Prussian blue. Adorned thus gaudily in feathers, shells, and gewgaws, these Ojibbeway dandies are yet severe enough upon the costumes of any other tribe, such as the Sioux, accusing them of dressing out of taste, and without due regard to quiet propriety; nor do we wonder at this strange effect of custom, when we find Mr. Kohl himself confessing that, after he had been with them some time, he always thought the Indians insignificant, and even uglier, when they washed themselves, and lost their ground colors.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The oratorical efforts of the Indians, as well as being diffuse and wordy in the extreme, are disfigured by absurd inconsistencies and pieces of bathos. Upon a certain important public occasion, one of the chiefs makes a powerful harangue in the presence of his own people and before the American agent, but concludes it in this fashion:—"I could say much more on this point, but I will now sit down, for I am not accustomed to wear these new European trowsers which have been given me, or to stand long in them. They annoy me. Hence I will cease to speak, and seat myself." The natives are almost always egotistical, and much given to narrate their own achievements in war or hunting; but they are voracious. One gentleman—with one eye painted white and the other black—was not ashamed to describe, as it were from the Tribune, how he once fell upon a poor solitary Sioux girl, and scalped her. At the moment Mr. Kohl forgot his profession, and was inclined to shun this individual; but on afterwards making his acquaintance (to get at the particulars of the affair, we suppose,) found him to be an amiable and modest young person enough. The fresh scalp—not that particular one, but another which our author had the good-fortune to fall in with—is not so hideous an object as one would imagine. "It was carefully extended on a wooden ring, and so copiously adorned with feathers, gay ribbons, tinkling bells, fox and other tails, that the bloody skin and hair were almost entirely covered." One of the half-breeds of Pembina being shot through both arms, and rendered utterly defenceless, suffered the Sioux to scalp him without his betraying that he was anything else than dead, and thus preserved his life; but he confessed that it hurt him a good deal. When a chief is meditating a war-expedition, he concentrates every thought upon it, in order to dream favorable omens. He will sit for weeks alone in his wigwam, beating a drum, and repeating "The wolf on the prairie, the wolf on the prairie," to himself, about a million of times. Sometimes a friend brings another drum, and sitting down by him, "sets him in his dreams." This person is generally appointed second leader, for they consider it better that there should be two leaders, in order that, "if the dreams of one have not strength enough, the other may help him out."

INDIAN CANNIBALS.—When any poor wretch has been reduced through miserable straits of famine, and perhaps in the depths of some ghastly forest, miles from human help, to commit cannibalism—to eat his squaw (a rare case, but by no means an unknown one,) he is thenceforward called a Windigo, and a good deal shunned by society. Curiously enough, as in the case of witches in our own country, persons who have been falsely accused of windigoism, often believe themselves to be really Windigos, and afterwards earn an unquestionable right to the hideous distinction. The libel is exceedingly common too; and any gloomy, unsocial person, such as one meets at home often enough, is, among the Ojibbeways, set down as a Windigo at once.

TOOTH DRAWING.—The poor Indians have neither Literature nor Science to withdraw their minds from such sombre and weird imaginings, nor are their Fine Arts of a very high description. There are, however, some female artists, it seems, who do a little wood-carving on birch bark, and with the points of their teeth. To one of these, Mr. Kohl preferred his request for a specimen of her tasteful skill. "She told us that all her hopes, as regarded her art, were now concentrated on one tooth. At least, she had only one in her upper jaw properly useful for this operation. She began, however, immediately selecting proper pieces of bark, peeling off the thin skin and doubling up the piece, which she thrust between her teeth. As she took up one piece after the other, and went through the operation very rapidly, one artistic production after the other fell from her lips. We unfolded the bark, and found on one the figure of a young girl, on another a bouquet of flowers, on a third a tomahawk, with all its accessories, very correctly designed, as well as several other objects. The bark is not bitten into holes, but only pressed with the teeth, so that, when the designs are held up, they resemble, to some extent, those pretty porcelain transparencies made as light-screens."

NOBLE SAVAGES.—Generosity (even in the sense of mere giving) and Gratitude are great virtues, but they do not redeem an otherwise contemptible nation. Let the reader be content with his lot, nor pine—when his tailor's bill or some other evil of civilization comes upon him—that he was not born one of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's "noble savages;" for though he should escape the scalping-knife in his youth, or the tongue of slander in middle life (at which period one is most liable to become a Windigo), there is scarcely such a thing as reverence for age among Redskins, and his very children, when he grows old, will leave him, if they get the chance, to perish in the desert.

THE SCOTCH BAILLIE'S ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

I dinna mind much about the road, except that the wine was sour, and the rivers rather queer: but I was wakened out of a sound nap by the bawling of a chield they called the conductor, on the top of the diligence, by which I understood that we were coming near the great city of Paris. Now, as I had been informed that we would be stopped at the gates for examination of the luggage and sic-like, the French folk being sic inveterate smugglers and rogues that a son would cheat his ane father, I thought it right to gather myself up; "for," thinks I, "as linen is scarce in these parts, wha kens but they may take a fancy to my shirts!" But when he came to the ports, no a soul was there, not even a policeman. They were standing wide open, the guardhouse was clean deserted; and, for aught I could see, the great city of Paris might have been as empty as Edinburgh in the hinder end of August when the grass grows thick in the squares, and the only living things ye encounter are a wean nae fit for a bawbee for grosarts wi' an auld woman at a stall. But for a' that, it was evident that something by ordinar was ga'an on inside; for cannon began to bang, no as our folk fire, regular and precisely, on the king's birthday, but clap after clap, as if the guns had been double-barrelled, and whiles I thought I could hear a kind of roar, maist terrible and gruesome, like the back-draught of a mighty sea.

The French folk that were wi' me in the diligence began to cock their lugs, and to look queer: and I heard them jabbering to ane anither in a quick, raised, jerky kind o' way; but what it was they said I couldna understand, for I hae nae knowledge o' their purley vous. Weel, on gaed the coach, the sound o' the cannon aye growing louder and louder, and very soon it was mingled with a brattling that I kent to be the discharge of musketry; and I said to mysel', though I canna assert that I was altogether without misgivings. "Nae doubt it will be a military review; and the folk that should hae lookit after the gate will hae gane in to see the ploy!" But, my certie! it wasna lang afore I found out my error; for nae sooner did we turn a corner than the diligence was beset by two or three hundred black-a-vised scoundrels, maist o' them in blue shirts aboon their other claes; and in a jiffy they had cut the traces, ta'en away the horses, and signed to us passengers to come out.

The Frenchmen that were inside spranged like bullocks out of a pail o' het water, but deil a bit would I budge without my pockmanty. Then they tried to pu' me out, neck and heels, but I made fect wi' my umbrella, and gaed a chield a paik below the ribs that doubled him up like a carpenter's rule. Sae they just let me sit where I was, drawing the diligence broadside to the street; and in twa minutes' time they had jammed it in wi' carts, and the barrels filled wi' paving-stanes, and many other kinds o' lumber, nae that a cat could hardly hae cruppen out; and an unco terror came over me, for I thought they were going to bury me alive. But that was a vain imagination; for presently I hears a loud skellock among the blackguards that were scramon on the top, and down they slid like spiders; and then I saw, what in the perturbation of my mind I hadna observed at first, that ilka ane o' them had a gun, and a gay wheen o' them bagonets stuck into the muzzle.

Now, if there is ae thing I detest mair than anither, it is the sight of a gun, for I have been a peaceful man a' my days, and never handled powther since I was a laddie at school, and burnt my fingers with a pluff; sae ye may weel imagine what was my state o' mind when the vagabonds began to take aim, as it were through the windows o' the diligence, and me sitting inside. I looked up the street to see if there was any chance to escape in that direction, for I felt as if I could have fled for refuge to the uttermost parts of the earth; but what think ye I saw there? Nathing less than a hail regiment o' soldiers charging down upon me. I had just time to clap down on the floor, and was beginning to say a bit o' prayer, when pash gaed ae bullet clean through the woodwork, and then a perfect volley; and I fand that I was in the very centre of what they called a barricade, that the soldiers and the mob were fighting, and that I lay between their shots.

How lang that lasted I canna say, for I clean lost my judgment and my senses. I has a kind o' indistinct recollection that I howled like a pointer dog tied up in a strange stable, and tried to cover myself up wi' the straw that was lying in the bottom o' the coach, but I ken nothing mair; and when I came to myself the firing was done, and maist feck o' the mob had disappeared. They tell me afterwards that the soldiers had been defeated at that barricade, and sure enough there were a hantle o' them, puir chields! lying dead and bloody in the streets; but I caredna which had the better, nae that I could make my escape out of that accursed coach. Nae, finding that the firing was over, I lifted up my head and gave a hallo that might be heard the hail length of the Trongate of Glasgow. Presently it was answered; and after muckle wark, two ill-looking rogues, with knives in their belts, whom I jaloused to be butchers, got the door open, and I harled me out.

Thankful I was to heaven for that blessed deliverance; and no a little glad, moreover, to find my pockmanty, though there were nae less than three holes in it. I may tell ye that, afterwards, when I came hame, I found a bullet sticking in ane of my folded shirts, just at the place where my breast would have been if I had had it on, which I could not regard as other than a special providence.—*Norman Sinclair.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF UMBRELLAS.—Howard Paul, in his amusing entertainment, says that an umbrella can be taken as a very good test of a person's character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him, is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him, is one, generally, who makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street door open when he goes home late at night, and is absent to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its mamma. The man who is always losing his umbrella, is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose buttons are always coming off, whose gloves crack, whose change is always sure to have some bad in it. Be cautious how you lend a hundred pounds to such a man. The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of meanness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him; he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than his wife. The man with a cotton umbrella is either a philosopher or an economist; he defies the world, and all its fashionable prejudices, or else he uses it because it is cheaper to lose than a silk one.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

FLOWERS NOT UNHEALTHY.

The folly and ignorance which reign too often supreme over the sick room, cannot be better exemplified than by this. While the nurse will leave the patient stewing in a corrupting atmosphere, the best ingredient of which is carbonic acid; she will deny him, on the plea of unhealthiness, a glass of cut-flowers, or a growing plant. Now, no one ever saw "overcrowding" by plants in a room or ward. And the carbonic acid they give off at nights would not poison a fly. Nay, in overcrowded rooms, they actually absorb carbonic acid and give off oxygen. Cut-flowers also decompose water and produce oxygen gas. It is true there are certain flowers, *e. g.*, lilies, the smell of which is said to depress the nervous system. These are easily known by the smell, and can be avoided.

VII.—WHAT FOOD?

COMMON ERRORS IN DIET, BEEF TEA, &c.—I will mention one or two of the most common errors among women in charge of sick respecting sick diet. One is the belief that beef tea is the most nutritive of all articles. Now, just try and boil down a pound of beef into beef tea, evaporate your beef tea, and see what is left of your beef. You will find that there is barely a teaspoonful of solid nourishment to half a pint of water in beef tea;—nevertheless there is a certain reparative quality in it, we do not know what, as there is in tea;—but it may safely be given in almost any inflammatory disease, and is as little to be depended upon with the healthy or convalescent where much nourishment is required. Again, it is an ever ready saw that an egg is equivalent to a pound of meat—whereas it is not at all so. Also, it is seldom noticed with how many patients, particularly of nervous or bilious temperament, eggs disagree. All puddings made with eggs, are distasteful to them in consequence. An egg, whipped up with wine, is often the only form in which they can take this kind of nourishment. Again, if the patient has attained to eating meat, it is supposed that to give him meat is the only thing needful for his recovery; whereas scorbutic sores have been actually known to appear among sick persons living in the midst of plenty in England, which could be traced to no other source than this, viz.: that the nurse, depending on meat alone, had allowed the patient to be without vegetables for a considerable time, these latter being so badly cooked that he always left them untouched. Arrowroot is another grand dependence of the nurse. As a vehicle for wine, and as a restorative quickly prepared, it is all very well. But it is nothing but starch and water. Flour is both more nutritive, and less liable to ferment, and is preferable wherever it can be used.

MILK, BUTTER, CREAM, &c.—Again, milk and the preparations from milk, are a most important article of food for the sick. Butter is the lightest kind of animal fat, and though it wants the sugar and some of the other elements which there are in milk, yet it is most valuable both in itself and in enabling the patient to eat more bread. Flour, oats, groats, barley, and their kind, are, as we have already said, preferable in all their preparations to all the preparations of arrowroot, sago, tapioca, and their kind. Cream, in many long chronic diseases, is quite irreplaceable by any other article whatever. It seems to act in the same manner as beef tea, and to most it is much easier of digestion than milk. In fact, it seldom disagrees. Cheese is not usually digestible by the sick, but it is pure nourishment for repairing waste; and I have seen sick, and not a few either, whose craving for cheese showed how much it was needed by them.*

But, if fresh milk is so valuable a food for the sick, the least change or sourness in it, makes it of all articles, perhaps, the most injurious; diarrhœa is a common result of fresh milk allowed to become at all sour. The nurse therefore ought to exercise her utmost care in this. In large institutions for the sick, even the poorest, the utmost care is exercised. Wenham Lake ice is used for this express purpose every summer, while the private patient, perhaps, never tastes a drop of milk that is not sour, all through the hot weather, so little does the private nurse understand the necessity of such care. Yet, if you consider that the only drop of real nourishment in your patient's tea is the drop of milk, and how much almost all English patients depend upon their tea, you will see the great importance of not depriving your patient of this drop of milk. Buttermilk, a totally different thing, is often very useful, especially in fevers.

SWEET THINGS.—In laying down rules of diet, by the amounts of "solid nutriment" in different kinds of food, it is constantly lost sight of what the patient requires to repair his waste, what he can take and what he can't. You cannot diet a patient from a book, you cannot make up the human body as you would make up a prescription—so many parts "carboniferous," so many parts "nitrogenous" will constitute a perfect diet for the patient. The nurse's observation here will materially assist the doctor—the patient's "fancies" will materially assist the nurse. For instance, sugar is one of the most nutritive of all articles, being pure carbon, and is particularly recommended in some books. But the vast majority of all patients in England, young and old, male and female, rich and poor, hospital and private, dislike sweet things—and while I have never known a person take to sweets when he was ill who disliked them when he was well, I have known many fond of them when in health, who in sickness would leave off anything sweet, even to sugar in tea—sweet puddings, sweet drinks, are their aversion; the furred tongue almost always likes what is sharp or pungent. Scorbutic patients are an exception, they often crave for sweetmeats and jams.

JELLY.—Jelly is another article of diet in great favor with nurses and friends of the sick; even if it could be eaten solid, it would not nourish, but it is simply the height of folly to take ½ oz. of gelatine and make it into a certain bulk by dissolving it in water and then [illegible] as if the same bulk represented nourishment. It is now known that jelly does not nourish, that it has a tendency to produce diarrhœa—and to trust to it to repair the waste of a diseased constitution is simply to starve the sick under the guise of feeding them. If 100 spoonsful of jelly were given in the course of the day, you would have given one spoonful of gelatine, which spoonful has no nutritive power whatever.

And, nevertheless, gelatine contains a large quantity of nitrogen, which is one of the most powerful elements in nutrition; on the other hand, beef tea may be chosen as an illustration of great nutrient power in sickness, co-existing with a very small amount of solid nitrogenous matter.

BEEF TEA.—Dr. Christison says that "every one will be struck with the readiness with which" certain classes of "patients will often take diluted meat juice or beef tea repeatedly, when they refuse all other kinds of food."—This is particularly remarkable in "cases of gastric fever, in which," he says, "little or nothing else besides beef tea or diluted meat juice" has been taken for weeks or even months, and yet a pint of beef tea contains scarcely ½ oz. of anything but water—the result is so striking that he asks what is its mode of action? "Not simply nutrient—½ oz. of the most nutritive material cannot nearly replace the daily wear and tear of the tissues in any circumstances. Possibly," he says, "it belongs to a new denomination of remedies."

It has been observed that a small quantity of beef tea added to other articles of nutrition augments their power out of all proportion to the additional amount of solid matter.

The reason why jelly should be innutritious and beef tea nutritious to the sick, is a secret yet undiscovered, but it clearly shows that careful observation of the sick is the only clue to the best dietary.

OBSERVATION, NOT CHEMISTRY, MUST DECIDE SICK DIET.—Chemistry has as yet afforded little insight into the dieting of sick. All that chemistry can tell us is the amount of "carboniferous" or "nitrogenous" elements discoverable in different dietetic articles. It has given us lists of dietetic substances, arranged in the order of their richness in one or other of these principles; but that is all. In the great majority of cases, the stomach of the patient is guided by other principles of selection than merely the amount of carbon or nitrogen in the diet. No doubt, in this as in other

* In the diseases produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhœa, the patient's stomach often craves for and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was invented for sick, and especially not for such sick. These are fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham or bacon, suet, cheese, butter, milk. These cases I have seen not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right and the book was wrong. The articles craved for in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids.

There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeding. Women's digestion is generally slower

things, nature has very definite rules for her guidance, but these rules can only be ascertained by the most careful observation at the bed-side. She there teaches us that living chemistry, the chemistry of reparation, is something different from the chemistry of the laboratory. Organic chemistry is useful, as all knowledge is, when we come face to face with nature; but it by no means follows that we should learn in the laboratory any one of the reparative processes going on in disease.

Again, the nutritive power of milk and of the preparations from milk, is very much undervalued; there is nearly as much nourishment in half a pint of milk as there is in ½ lb. of meat. But this is not the whole question, or nearly the whole. The main question is what the patient's stomach can assimilate or derive nourishment from, and of this the patient's stomach is the sole judge. Chemistry cannot tell this. The patient's stomach must be its own chemist. The diet which will keep the healthy man healthy, will kill the sick one. The same beef which is the most nutritive of all meat, and which nourishes the healthy man, is the least nourishing of all food to the sick man, whose half-dead stomach can *assimilate* no part of it, that is, make no food out of it. On a diet of beef tea, healthy men, on the other hand, speedily lose their strength.

I have known patients live for many months without touching bread, because they could not eat baker's bread. These were mostly country patients, but not all. Home-made bread or brown bread is a most important article of diet for many patients. The use of aperients may be entirely superseded by it. Oat cake is another.

To watch for the opinions, then, which the patient's stomach gives, rather than to read "analyses of foods," is the business of all those who have to settle what the patient is to eat—perhaps the most important thing to be provided for him after the air he is to breathe.

Now the medical man who sees the patient only once a day or even only once or twice a week, cannot possibly tell this without the assistance of the patient himself, or of those who are in constant observation on the patient. The utmost the medical man can tell is whether the patient is weaker or stronger at this visit than he was at the last visit. I should therefore say that incomparably the most important office of the nurse, after she has taken care of the patient's air, is to take care to observe the effect of his food, and report it to the medical attendant.

It is quite incalculable the good that would certainly come from such *sound* and close observation in this almost neglected branch of nursing, or the help it would give to the medical man.

A great deal too much against tea* is said by wise people, and a great deal too much of tea is given to the sick by foolish people. When you see the natural and almost universal craving in English sick for their "tea," you cannot but feel that nature knows what she is about. But a little tea or coffee restores them quite as much as a great deal, and a great deal of tea and especially of coffee impairs the little power of digestion they have. Yet a nurse, because she sees how one or two cups of tea or coffee restores her patient, thinks that three or four cups will do twice as much. This is not the case at all; it is however certain that there is nothing yet discovered which is a substitute to the English patient for his cup of tea; he can take it when he can take nothing else, and he often can't take anything else if he has it not. I should be very glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient after a sleepless night, instead of tea. If you give it at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, he may even sometimes fall asleep after it, and get perhaps his only two or three hours' sleep during the twenty-four. At the same time you should never give tea or coffee to the sick, as a rule, after 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Sleeplessness in the early night is from excitement generally, and is increased by tea or coffee: sleeplessness which continues to the early morning is from exhaustion often, and is relieved by tea. The only English patients I have ever known refuse tea, have been typhus cases, and the first sign of their getting better was their craving again for tea. In general, the dry and dirty tongue always prefers tea to coffee, and will quite decline milk, unless with tea. Coffee is a better restorative than tea, but a greater impairer of the digestion. Let the patient's taste decide. You will say that, in cases of great thirst, the patient's craving decides that it will drink *a great deal* of tea, and that you cannot help it. But in these cases be sure that the patient requires diluents for quite other purposes than quenching the thirst; he wants a great deal of some drink, not only of tea, and the doctor will order what he is to have, barley-water or lemonade, or soda-water and milk, as the case may be.

Lehman, quoted by Dr. Christison, says that, among the well and active "the infusion of 1 oz. of roasted coffee daily will diminish the waste" "going on in the body" "by one-fourth," and Dr. Christison adds that tea has the same property. Now this is actual experiment. Lehman weighs the man and finds the fact from his weight. It is not deduced from any "analysis" of food. All experience among the sick shows the same thing."*

Cocoa is often recommended to the sick in lieu of tea or coffee. But independently of the fact that English sick very generally dislike cocoa, it has quite a different effect from tea or coffee. It is an oily, starchy nut, having no restorative power at all, but simply increasing fat. It is pure mockery of the sick, therefore, to call it a substitute for tea. For any renovating stimulus it has, you might just as well offer them chestnuts instead of tea.

An almost universal error among nurses, is in the bulk of the food, and especially the drinks they offer to their patients. Suppose a patient ordered 4 oz. brandy during the day, how is he to take this if you make it into four pints with diluting it? The same with tea and beef tea, with arrowroot, milk, &c. You have not increased the nourishment, you have not increased the renovating power of these articles, by increasing their bulk,—you have very likely diminished both by giving the patient's digestion more to do, and most likely of all, the patient will leave half of what he has been ordered to take, because he cannot swallow the bulk with which you have been pleased to invest it. It requires very nice observation and care (and meets with hardly any) to determine what will not be too thick or strong for the patient to take, while giving him no more than the bulk which he is able to swallow.

* In making coffee, it is absolutely necessary to buy it in the berry and grind it at home. Otherwise you may reckon upon its containing a certain amount of chicory, *at least*. This is not a question of the taste, or of the wholesomeness of chicory. It is that chicory has nothing at all of the properties for which you give coffee. And therefore you may as well not give it

Again, all laundresses, mistresses of dairy-farms, head nurses, (I speak of the good old sort only—women who unite a good deal of hard manual labor with the head-work necessary for arranging the day's business, so that none of it shall tread upon the heels of something else,) set great value, I have observed, upon having a high-priced tea. This is called extravagant. But these women are "extravagant" in nothing else. And they are right in this. Real tea-leaf tea alone contains the restorative they want; which is not to be found in sloe-leaf tea.

The mistresses of houses, who cannot even go over their own house once a day, are incapable of judging for these women. For they are incapable themselves, to all appearance, of the spirit of arrangement (no small task) necessary for managing a large ward or dairy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S COMPARISONS.

Oh! bright is the rose when the sunshine is glinting,
And painting its petals with hues from above;
But warmer than even its exquisite tinting
The rich glowing cheek of the maid that I love.

And jetty the gloss on the plumes of the raven,
And flossy the twine which the silkworms have wove;
But darker, and softer, and radiant of heaven,
The bright flowing hair of the maid that I love.

Inviting the cherry, which welcomes the kiss
Of the sun as it streams through the fruit-laden grove;
But what shall describe the elysium of bliss,
Which dwells on the lips of the maid that I love?

Deep blue are the coralline caves of the ocean,
Reflecting the azure of heaven above:
But deeper, and bluer, and full of devotion,
The soft liquid eyes of the maid that I love.

And airy the zephyr, whose balmy breath brings
Sunny dreams of delight from Arabian grove;
But lighter than even his bliss-laden wings,
The innocent step of the maid that I love.

And pure is the lily, just washed by the shower,
And pure is the down on the wing of the dove;
But purer than ever was dove or was flower,
The faintless young soul of the maid that I love!

G. D.

A CHILD'S FAITH.—Not long ago a great drought prevailed in some of the midland counties of England. Several pious farmers, who dreaded lest their expected crops should perish for lack of moisture, agreed with their pastor and others to have special prayer, to petition God to send the needed rain. They met accordingly; and the minister coming early, had time to exchange kindly greetings with several of his flock. He was surprised to see one of his little Sunday scholars bending under the weight of a huge old family umbrella. "Why, Mary," said he, "what made you bring that umbrella on such a lovely morning as this?" The child, gazing on his face with evident surprise at the inquiry, replied, "Why, sir, I thought as we were going to pray to God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella." The minister smiled on her and the service soon commenced. Whilst they were praying, the wind rose; the sky, before so clear and bright, became overcast with clouds, and soon, amidst vivid flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder, a storm of rain deluged the country. Those who attended the service, unprepared to receive the blessing they sought, reached their homes drenched and soaked; whilst Mary and her minister returned together under the family umbrella.

CORRECT SENTIMENT.—At a public "Tea Party" recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiments" were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap year was upon them, by offering the following:—

Three long weary years I have waited for this,
Now if you'll pop the question, I'll surely say yes.

To which the lady promptly responded as follows:—

The man without courage to do his own wooing,
May do his own washing and baking and sewing.

The bachelor looked despair.

* It is made a frequent recommendation to persons about to incur great exhaustion, either from the nature of the service, or from their being not in a state fit for it, to eat a piece of bread before they go. I wish the recommenders would themselves try the experiment of substituting a piece of bread for a cup of tea or coffee, or beef-tea, as a refresher. They would find it a very poor comfort. When soldiers have to set out fasting on fatiguing duty, when nurses have to go fasting in to their patients, it is a hot restorative they want, and ought to have, before they go, not a cold bit of bread. And dreadful have been the consequences of neglecting this.—If they can take a bit of bread *with* the hot cup of tea, so much the better, but not *instead* of it. The fact that there is more nourishment in bread than in almost anything else, has probably induced the mistake. That it is a fatal mistake, there is no doubt. It seems, though very little is known on the subject, that what "assimilates" itself directly, and with the least trouble of digestion with the human body, is the best for the above circumstances. Bread requires two or three processes of assimilation, before it becomes like the human body.

The almost universal testimony of English men and women who have undergone great fatigue, such as riding long journeys without stopping, or sitting up for several nights in succession, is that they could do it best upon an occasional cup of tea—and nothing else.

Let experience, not theory, decide upon this as upon all other things.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE MISSING KEY—AND AN EXPLOIT.

Lady Jane Cheney sat by her sister Laura. It has not been mentioned, for really there was no space for it, that Lady Laura took the fever, but she had it in a very slight degree, compared to Lucy, and was not in any danger. She was completely convalescent, more so indeed than Lucy, but Laura was one who liked the indulgence of recovery, the being petted with attentions, and fed up with good things, jellies and wines and dainty messes; therefore she still kept to her dressing-room, making believe that she was an invalid. Jane divided her attention pretty equally between her sisters, now sitting an hour with one, now with the other, for they were not in the same room, even in the day; Lucy was not well enough to quit hers, and Laura would not.

The time was drawing near for Lady Jane to return home, which she purposed doing the instant Lucy might be moved. But, before going, she thought of requesting Laura to obtain some information from Mr. Carlyon, which she herself would not demand of him. She entered upon it now. Laura was lying back in an easy-chair, her feet on a narrow ottoman before the fire, and doing nothing, save placing the tips of her delicate fingers together; Jane was seated by the window at work.

"When I was in London, Laura, I went again to Mrs. West's—"

"Who is Mrs. West?" interrupted Laura.

"Where Clarice was governess—have you forgotten the name? I went to see if I could hear anything more respecting Clarice; and I think I did."

"What is it?" asked Laura, eagerly.

"I think I learnt that she was married. I say 'I think,' Laura, because nothing was proved, though in my mind it is a certainty. A maid of Mrs. West's met Clarice a few months after she quitted her situation, was struck by her appearance, and concluded she was married. Clarice, in answer to a question the girl put to her, admitted that she was."

"Oh, well, I think that's proof," interrupted Laura. "So it seems that I am not the only one of the family who consulted their own inclination. But who was the gentleman?"

"About that, there is less certainty. Circumstances point strongly to its having been a brother of Mrs. West's, a young medical man. He was staying there, was very intimate with Clarice, and in the following winter embarked for India. Mrs. West does not think so; she argues that he was open hearted, was his own master, and would have married Clarice publicly, had he married her at all. She is certain that they did not sail together, however it may have been; but it appears to me that Clarice could not have been in a condition of health to embark, and would probably follow him."

"Nothing more likely. But why—being safely married—should she not have told us? Had she feared interference to prevent it, she could not have feared interference to separate them when it was done."

"True," said Lady Jane; "I have pondered it all over till I am tired and sick. At all events, this is a little clue, and now I must tell you who possibly may help us in it; Mr. Carlyon."

"How should he help?" asked Laura, in surprise. "I have never spoken to him of Clarice. To own a sister who went out to serve as governess and got lost, does not sound as if it would add to one's consequence; and I have eschewed the subject altogether, except to you."

"He knew this Mr. Tom West," proceeded Lady Jane. "Mrs. West mentioned three or four medical men who were intimate with her brother-in-law—intimate, indeed, with the family generally, and with Clarice as part of it. A Mr. Carlyon was one, and I have not the slightest doubt it was he who is now your husband; she says he settled in the country. It is just possible that he may have known something of the marriage, if one did take place between Clarice and young West; if not, you will do no harm by asking."

"Really, Jane, there seems very little use in reaping up this uncertainty about Clarice. As I say, it does not tell for the dignity of the Cheney family."

Lady Jane was slightly agitated as she replied,

"I will not rest, now, until I have found out Clarice—if she is to be found. This information of Mrs. West's has given me an impetus, and my father left her to me. She may yet be living, may be in poverty, for all we know, and unwilling to apply to us; or," she added, dropping her voice, "if dead herself, she may have left a child or children. I would prefer that you should inquire of Mr. Carlyon, but if you object, I will. Should he know nothing, I shall then go to London and inquire of another medical man, whom Mrs. West mentioned as having also been intimate there, at the time; a Mr. Bogs, I think his name was."

"Why did you not inquire of him before you left London, as you are so bent upon discovery?" returned Laura.

"Because it did not occur to me to do so. I intended to go to work in another way, but I have been baffled, and thrown back from it."

"Goodness, Jane, how mysterious you are! You always do seem to make a mystery when we get upon the subject of Clarice. Pray, speak out."

"It invariably presents itself as a mystery to my own mind," said Jane, and her tone certainly did sound dark enough as she spke; "a mystery which I seem to shrink from. You know that little lame boy at Tupper's cottage?"

"Well?" returned Lady Laura, after a pause and a stare.

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that that child is Clarice's."

Up started Lady Laura. Flinging from her knees a warm wrapping which had been laid on them, she stamped up and down the room in excitement, forgetting her character of invalid.

"That child Clarice's! For shame, Jane! That child is Mr. Carlyon's."

Lady Jane sat perfectly aghast at her vehemence—at her words.

"Mr. Carlyon's! Nay, Laura, I think it is you who should cry shame. What wild notion can have taken possession of you?"

"I tell you it is. The features, the hair, the motions are Mr. Carlyon's in miniature—and look at the ears! Look at Mr. Carlyon's, and then look at his! And the name—Lewis! I taxed him with it, and he denies it; but I don't care how much he denies it; it is his child."

Jane rose, and drawing Laura to her seat again, soothed her to composure, pointing out how very improbable was her surmise. Laura was only calmed, not convinced.

"Well, go on with what you were about to say, with your own story," she ungraciously exclaimed.

"I have little more to go on with," said Lady Jane. "I felt a conviction that the child was Clarice's—I feel it still—and I determined to question the woman. If Clarice did leave the child behind her when she went out to join her husband, this Mrs. Smith may have had charge of it ever since. But I cannot get any information from her."

"You have tried, then?"

"Just before Lucy was taken ill. I went to her cottage, and put certain questions to her, but I did not tell her my motive, or speak of Clarice. She would say nothing; only that the child was her own; and she did not see why she should be pestered."

"So it is her own," burst forth Laura again; "her own and Mr. Carlyon's."

"The notion is absurd, Laura. The woman is so much older than he; and they came strangers to South Wennock. Dismiss it, I beg."

Laura tossed her head, but Jane did not remark it.

"You will ask him, will you not, Laura?" she went on.

"Ask him what?"

"Whether he can give any information about Clarice and Mr. Tom West; whether he knew, or suspected, that they married."

"Oh, I'll ask him, and find out something or other," returned Laura. "Jane!"

A silence had ensued before the last word, and Laura spoke it vehemently, laying her hands upon the elbow of her chair, and turning to Jane.

"If Mr. Carlyon did know this Tom West and Clarice, how can it be that he has never spoken of her to us?"

"He may never have thought to do so. It is not likely he knew her as a Cheney, or as connected with us in any way. She was Mrs Beauchamp, you know, there."

At that moment Judith came into the room, and a thought struck Lady Jane. Thoughts, probable and improbable, ideas, likely and unlikely, roved through her brain continually.

"Did you ever know a Mr. West, Judith, a young man?"

Judith answered promptly: "Yes. A gentleman of that name, from London, she believed, used to visit at old Mrs. Jenkinson's, in Palace street, and she had often seen him there."

Lady Jane thought again; connecting this and that together, and following out links—links, however, which seemed to have neither end nor beginning, all improbable and indistinct.

"That child at Tupper's cottage—you intimated once that it bore a great likeness to some one; was it to this Mr. West?"

"Oh dear, no, my lady. Mr. West was a little sallow man, with a turned-up nose, and quick dark eyes."

"To whom, then, did you trace a likeness?"

For once, a tinge of color came into the white face of Judith. She strove to parry the question.

"My lady, there's no accounting for likenesses; two folks that never were within a hundred miles of each other in their lives, may be alike."

"Of course they may be," interrupted Lady Laura; and Judith, at anyrate, did not detect the sarcasm in her tone.

"And sometimes are," added Lady Jane, with calm composure; "a likeness, alone, proves nothing. I wait for your answer, Judith."

"My ladies, it was nothing in the world but an accidental likeness, just one of the things one may see any day," persisted Judith; "or, may be, it was only my fancy."

"Judith, I have told you to speak," returned Lady Jane, in her quiet tone of command. "Like whom did you think the child?"

"Mr. Carlyon," was the low reply.

Lady Jane was dumb-founded; it was anything but the answer she expected, for she believed her sister's idea to be pure fancy. A triumphant glance shot from Lady Laura's eyes, and ill-advised words from her lips; but a woman cares not what she says in her jealous anger.

"Right, Judith, they are as like as father and son. You will believe me, now, Lady Jane!"

"Judith, you cannot think that child like Mr. Carlyon," remonstrated Lady Jane; "I do not trace the faintest resemblance."

"Your ladyship knows that we don't all see likenesses alike. I never saw a greater—as it appears to me."

"Was the Mr. West's name Thomas?"

"Thomas—Thomas," repeated Judith, considering. "I can't remember, my lady; I'm not sure that I ever heard his name. I dare say Margaret would know it."

Little more was said. Lady Jane could come to no satisfactory conclusion on any point, and it appeared that Judith could not do much to help her.

That same night a woman was seen scudding through the streets of South Wennock. It was a bitterly cold night in December, the sleet falling, and she pulled her large cloak tightly round her, and kept her black veil over her face. It was the maid of Lady Laura Carlyon..

"Such a freak of my lady's!" she grumbled to herself, as she went along, "sending one abroad in this pelting weather! But that's just like her; she takes a thing into her head, and then it must be done off-hand, convenient or unconvenient. Bother the big cupboard! what did she go and lose the key for, if she wants it undone?"

She reached the locksmith's shop, and turned short into it. It was only lighted by a solitary candle, and that was placed so as to afford little light beyond the counter. Consequently she stumbled over some fire-irons that stood out slanting from the wall; they came down on the run, and she, nearly, with them.

"Now then! What the plague, White! can't you keep the shop free for folks to enter!" uttered she, testily, whilst the unoffending locksmith came round, and meekly picked up his property.

"Is it you, Miss Stiffing? And how are you, ma'am?"

"Why I'm as cranky as them there bell rests of yours, that's what I am," returned Miss Stiffing; "she have no more consideration than a owl, haven't my lady. Fancy me, in my thin shoes, a being sent slopping through the beastly streets to night!"

"Couldn't you have put on boots?"

"Boots be bothered! When one's dressed for the evening, one doesn't like to change. And you! why don't you have gas in your shop, like other christians?"

"I can't afford it, Miss Stiffing. And I mostly works in the back room by candlelight: the shop's so precious cold in winter. What can I do for you, Miss?"

"I want a skeleton key."

"A skeleton key!" repeated the tradesman.

"Yes, a skeleton key. Is there anything so odd in that? If I'd said a skeleton, you might have stared."

"What is it for?" he asked, scratching his head, and trying to remember whether the law allowed skeleton keys to be handed over indiscriminately to servants.

"Well, it's for my lady, if you must come to the bottom of everything. She goes and she loses the key of our big cupboard, one as stands in the recess by her bedroom door.—'Where's the key of that cupboard?' says she to me, this afternoon. 'My lady, it's in the key-hole,' says I. 'It's not,' says she; 'you just go and find it.' Well, upon that, I call to mind that I had put the key into her key-drawer only yesterday morning; and of course she has gone herself and lost it."

"I dare say it's only mislaid," remarked the man.

"Nothing else in the world; dropped down, perhaps, behind the furniture, or something of that, and will be found in the morning. I said so to my lady; but no, not a minute's waiting will do for her. She must have the door open to-night, and off she packs me here for a skeleton key. 'I won't have the lock picked or damaged, in case the key does turn up,' says she; 'tell White to send me a skeleton key, one that'll pick any lock of about that size, and he shall have it back in a day or two.' And so off I came. And now, just look sharp, for I'd like to get back home to the fire."

"I'd have sent one of the men servants."

"I dare say you would; but you don't live under Lady Laura Carlyon. If I told another servant to go, when she sent me, I might pack up my boxes. Is this the article? It looks simple enough."

"It's simple enough, Miss," said the man. "And it's good-night, and wishing you a pleasanter walk back again, Miss Stiffing."

"Which you must be a donkey to wish," irascibly returned Miss Stiffing; "hasn't the sleet been a falling constant, to make it beastlier, instead of pleasanter?"

Lady Laura Carlyon waited in her room impatiently, as might be seen. What project was in her mind that night, flushing her cheeks to emotion, and rendering her eyes restless?—Could it be that these external signs of agitation were caused by the simple fact of having mislaid a key? and the key of a place that was not in particular request?

"What a time you have been, Stiffing!" uttered she, as the maid entered.

"Time, my lady!" returned Stiffing, whose manner and voice, be it remarked, were subdued to meekness before Lady Laura, whatever they may have been to other people. "I went as quick as the sleet and the slush allowed me, my lady; and this is what White has sent. It's to be used—"

"I know how it is to be used," interrupted Lady Laura. "I have seen a skeleton key before to-day."

"Will you open it now, my lady? and I will light you."

"Presently," somewhat sharply returned Lady Laura. "It is time for my port wine jelly."

Stiffing went down stairs muttering.

"Just like her! Pushes me off, after the thing, as if it was a errand of life or death, and then coolly says she'll use it 'presently!'—She haven't got her fellow for caprice, I know."

Stiffing brought up the jelly, a very small mould of it, turned out into a handsome glass dish, a glass plate and a teaspoon. As she was putting the things off the silver waiter, Lady Laura looked at her.

"I cannot think how you could have been so carelessly stupid as to lose the key."

"All I can say is this, my lady, that I put it into that there key-drawer yesterday morning, and I'm as positive of it as I am that I'm a standing here; so how it can have gone, and who can have got to it, the dickens only knows."

"Now, don't persist in nonsense, Stiffing.—If you put it there, where should it be now? You may think yourself well off that I don't punish you for your carelessness. Remember the injunction I gave you—not to say a word of this in the house. I won't have the servants hear that I admit a skeleton key into it; it might teach them tricks."

"I'll remember, my lady. What time would you please to be undressed?"

"When I feel tired," returned Lady Laura. "But I shall not want you for another hour at least. I will ring when I do."

Stiffing went to the servants' sitting room, and made herself comfortable before a blazing fire. They seemed anxious to know what had taken her out; "something for my lady," was the short answer. They were all shut up snugly enough there, and Judith was among them. Lady Jane was with Lucy, and Mr. Carlyon had gone out.

The stairs were creaking—as stairs *will* creak when a stealthy footstep is upon them. They were the back stairs, not the front, and cautiously descending them, with a thick silk scarf tied over her head, and a shawl muffled round her, to guard against cold, was Lady Laura Carlyon, bearing the skeleton key. The stairs were dark, for those back stairs were never lighted, and she felt her way by the balustrades. They brought her in time to the cellar, and she entered and struck a light.—Strictly speaking, it was not the actual cellar that she sought, but a small boarded room branching out of it; a room in which were kept certain drugs and professional apparatus belonging to Mr. Carlyon; a room which the servants had strict orders not to approach, lest, as Mr. Carlyon once told them, they might set their feet on chemical materials of a combustible nature, and get blown up. They took very good care to keep clear of it after that warning, whether or not they had been inclined to transgress before.

She struck the wax match, and lighted the taper she had brought down from her writing-table. Laura! Laura Carlyon! what are you about to do? To pry into your husband's private affairs, things which he deems it fit and right to keep from you? Take you care; secrets, sought out dishonorably, rarely benefit the seeker.

She was not in a mood to take care; had a very angel from heaven appeared to warn her against what she was doing, she had scarcely heeded it. What precise secrets, or mementos of secrets, Mr. Carlyon kept in that iron safe before her, she knew not; her suspicions were entirely vague, but that there was something or other to be ferreted out of it, she felt assured. She had been jealous of Mr. Carlyon a long while, and he had given her cause, for he was by no means a high-principled man.—"Jealous," however, is not the precise word to apply to her feelings, for the fierce and hasty love she had conceived for him before their marriage, had not lasted very long after it—fierce and hasty love rarely does last. A mixture of jealousy there certainly was, but angry rage was with it, and an ever-burning sense of deep humiliation. A married man, lax in his conduct, does reflect humiliation upon his wife, and Lady Laura, unduly conscious of her birth and title, felt it most keenly. She longed to bring the same humiliation upon him that he had brought upon her—that is, to bring him to self-humiliation; she wished to find something tangible of which to accuse him, proofs that he could not dispute or shuffle out of; she hoped to bring him to her feet, suing for pardon; or else that she should take a high ground and say, "I leave you—I am your wife no longer." In her present exasperated mood, she seemed little to care which the result might be. The most tangible proof she had to work upon, of these, her recent grievances, was the affair of the woman and child at Tupper's cottage. Not that she deemed the contents of the iron safe would probably help her, so far as they were concerned, but they had certainly contributed to work up her mind to its present rebellious and excited state; and Judith's avowal that day that she also saw the likeness of the child to Mr. Carlyon, added fuel to the flame.

Is it not remarkable to trace the events, apparently trivial in themselves, by which the detection of crime is worked out? A year before, an accidental circumstance had made Laura Carlyon familiar with the use of a skeleton key: she attached no importance to the knowledge: how should she? and yet, but for that, she might never have opened, or thought to open, that safe in her husband's cellar!

She did open it now; readily; and she put the taper in its elegant glass holder, to stand inside, while her eyes ranged over its contents. There were two shelves: the upper one appeared to be entirely filled with chemical apparatus, and the lower one partially. Near to her hand there was a cash box, locked; and there was a small note case, not locked, for a very good reason—there was no lock on it.

Lady Laura took up the cash box, rather a large one, and shook it: if it contained money it must have been bank notes, for neither gold nor silver rattled. She put it down again, and opened the note case. To describe her disappointment when she found it contained what she emphatically termed "rubbish," would be difficult. There were scraps of writing, Latin and Greek; there were some receipted bills of a by-gone date, there were various private memoranda, not of a nature to bear upon her jealous fears, there were two or three prescriptions, bearing the names of celebrated physicians; there was a receipt for the compounding of "sherbet," and another for walnut catsup. In short, by the cursory glance through, afforded by Lady Laura in her haste, it appeared to contain neither more nor less than worthless scraps of paper.

She was closing it with a petulant gesture, when her eye fell upon an opening in the leather, and she found there was a pocket. Pulling it apart with both her hands a note lay disclosed, nothing else, and she took it out.

"Lewis Carlyon, Esq.," was the address, and Lady Laura thrust it into her pocket for private perusal at her leisure: but a sudden idea flashed upon her, and she took it out again, to devour the address with her eyes. If ever she had seen the hand-writing of her sister Clarice, she thought she saw it then. But there was not time to satisfy herself, for she stood upon thorns, and she returned it to her pocket.

She placed the note-case in its former position; she took the taper in her hand and held it so that its rays fell on the top shelf, but nothing was really there, save what concerned his profession; nothing else was on the lower shelf, save the cash-box. Lady Laura was thinking how much she should like to see the inside of that, when Mr. Carlyon's voice on the stairs startled her.

Startled her pretty nearly into fits. What she did, in her terror, she scarcely knew. He was evidently coming down, and had halted momentarily to call out some order to one of the servants in the distance. Instinct caused Lady Laura to gaze round for a hiding-place, and she espied a barrel in a corner. She blew out the light, grasped the crystal candlestick and the skeleton key, pushed to the safe door firmly, and crouched down between the barrel and the wall, her heart beating as it had never yet beat in all her life.

She would almost rather die than that he should discover her: for although she had not shrunk from committing the dishonor, to be detected during its actual perpetration, would be more than her pride could well endure.

Mr. Carlyon came in, a candle in his hand. Drawing from his pocket a bunch of keys, he inserted one into the lock: but he found the lock was not fastened.

"Why—what the deuce!" he uttered, half aloud, "did *I* leave it so?"

And then, as if a suspicion occurred to him, he turned and peered round the room, his wife sick nearly unto death, lest he should discern her.

But she cowered in the shade of the dark corner, moreover the clothes she wore were dark, and his eye passed her over. He next turned his attention to the lock, but could find nothing the matter with it. He then applied himself to the object which he had come for, which appeared to be his chemical apparatus, for he began moving the things about on the top shelf, to get at a glass cylinder.

He held it in his hand, when the voice of his assistant was heard, speaking down the stairs.

"Are you there, sir?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Carlyon. "Anything wanted?"

"That boy at Tupper's cottage is taken worse; dying, they think."

"And the sooner it dies the better," was Mr. Carlyon's rejoinder to himself, in a low voice. "I can't do it any good," he called out. "Who's come?"

"Only a neighbor. Perhaps you'll hear what she says, sir."

"Coming," replied Mr. Carlyon. He put down the cylinder, left the safe door open, and went up stairs, intending, no doubt, to be back in a twinkling. As his footsteps died away, Lady Laura sprang from her hiding-place, and winged her flight up the stairs. She succeeded in gaining the top, the top of the cellar stairs, and she noiselessly stole round a corner which would take her to the others. A few paces from her was the surgery door, and she heard voices inside. At a time of less terror she might have stopped to listen, hearing where the messenger came from, but her own safety was above every consideration now, even above her jealous surmises. Arrived in her own room, she sat there panting: not knowing whether she should faint or not.

She took some of the port wine jelly, which still remained on the table, and she leaned back in her easy chair, and rested. After a while, her heart ceased to beat so violently, and she rose and went outside her room, feeling in her pocket for a key.

It was the missing key, the key of the cupboard: had it been snugly reposing there all the time? What would Miss Stiffing have said? Lady Laura calmly unlocked the cupboard, leaving the door open, and then carried the key into her room, and dropped it in a quiet nook on the floor, close to the key-drawer, where Miss Stiffing's eyes were charmed with its sight the first thing in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ARMY REVIEWED BY A LION.

The author of a recent work on Algeria, relates the following incident, which occurred while marching with a body of French troops on their way to attack the Kabyles:—

We had ridden carelessly forward, admiring the view, or speculating on the game to be found on these mountain passes, when the sudden halt and the unslinging of carbines startled us. Pushing past the rear files, we galloped to the front just in time to prevent the sergeant, who led the advance, firing at a noble lion, who, advancing toward the same path which we were pursuing, and, was making to the very pile of mountains whose sombre colors had excited our curiosity. Five minutes later, and we should not have seen him; but, as it happened, there he stood, evidently very much astonished at thus plumping suddenly on so large a party. Were we to fire, we should doubtless, either kill or mortally wound the animal. In the first case all would be well and we should be the richer by a lion's skin; in the second place, we should be sure to lose one or more men, and it was a responsibility the young officer in command would not assume. Hastily giving the order to unsling the carbines, he closed up the men with some difficulty, for the horses were very restive. In case the lion showed a disposition to attack, all were to face toward him, and it was to be hoped that the general discharge would prove mortal. If disposed to let us do so, we were to pass him quietly.

I have often heard that the lion by day in no way resembles the same animal by night. During the darkness, seeking his prey where he can find it, he will attack anything with the greatest ferocity; but during the day-time, it being his proper period for sleep, and being besides, generally gorged with food, he seldom attacks man. In the present instance, I had little confidence in the effects of our fire, for our horses, as their riders forced them to approach their dreaded enemy, became more and more alarmed and restive. The lion was, doubtless, the one I heard roar in the distance the previous night, and he had been to the other side, seeking his food among the douars of the native tribes near Teniet, from which he was now returning to his den.

Our files well closed up, we neared the lion, who showed no symptoms of fear; gazed at us, not savagely, but apparently with great curiosity. Then he moved his tail to and fro, like a large cat; and as we neared him, he deliberately sat down on his hind quarters, looking then, for all the world, like a queer colored, large Newfoundland dog. Just as we ranged up with him, passing up in a single file, horses' heads and tails well together, he opened his huge mouth with a mighty yawn, uttering, as he did so, a sound between a heavy sigh and growl. This he did without rising, and in a most sleepy manner, as though he were supremely indifferent to our presence.

All this time our horses were terribly excited, and my own, a jet black Syrian barb, which had carried me many a mile over the plains of Wallachina and Roumelie, and who had an intense love of mischief and fighting, was now completely cowed, and though walking at a very slow pace, his black coat was all covered with foam. I was not fifteen paces from the lion, and I could not resist the fancy that seized me to rein in and look at him. Trembling in every limb, my horse obeyed me, and as the rear files of our escort moved past, I contemplated the noble brute. He was a splendid male, of the color called by the natives the "black lion," and which, they say, is the most fierce and terrible of all. He seemed sleepy and quiet enough just then, and did not even look at me. The jingling of the men's arms appeared to catch his attention; and it was indeed but a moment's space that was allowed me for contemplation, for a slight move on his part caused my horse to bound aside so as to almost unhorse me, and when I recovered my seat and my power over my frightened steed, the sleepy fellow had deliberately lain down, and resting his noble head on two mighty paws, he followed us with his eyes as we moved slowly away.

☞ Slanders, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

☞ Philosophers themselves, like the stoic gentleman of Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living, often sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down.

☞ In establishing between man and woman certain relations and differences, Providence has clearly distinguished the condition of the two sexes. To the stronger He assigned rude labor and the tillage of the earth; to the weaker, domestic duties, and the rearing of progeny. The one has an out-door, the other an in-door existence; and by the duties of the mother, the position of the slighter sex is distinctly pointed out.

☞ PIETY AND MEANNESS.—"The Gentleman's Magazine," in a paper on Sussex Archæological Collections, give us the opportunity of making the following extract from the diary of a Sussex tradesman of the 18th century:—"Monday, Dec. 25. This being Christmas day, myself and wife at church in the morning. We stayed the Communion; my wife gave 6d., but they not asking me, I gave nothing. Oh! may we increase in faith and good works, and maintain and keep up the good intentions that I hope we have this day taken up!"

☞ Two very pious ladies met the other day in the parlor of the writer of this; they were both young widows, and one of them, Mrs. Bunce, had a full set of false teeth. Mrs. Cone was in great want of a set, but dreaded the pain of having the old ones extracted. So she called upon Mrs. Bunce for advice and a history of her experience. "Why, my dear," says she, "in the first place, consider how [here she laughed to show her borrowed pearls], and then *pray for courage*. That's the way I did, and was supported."

☞ A son of the "Emerald Isle" had been engaged by a man of the name of Haney to haul coal. On delivering it, Mrs. H. wished him to take it across the pavement and deposit it in the cellar, which he would not do. She told him he was "*no gentleman*." "Faith, mum," said Pat, "and if I was a gentleman, do you think I'd be hauling coal for the likes of Mr. Haney?"

☞ INTERESTING TO MAIDS AND BACHELORS.—In civilized countries, about one person in sixty is married every year. Therefore, let no one despair; for every individual holds, in the marriage lottery, one sixtieth of a chance. It is further computed that at least three thousand marriages are celebrated every day, and that no moment elapses, from one year's end to another, in which the delightful ceremony is not somewhere coming off. Thrilling fact!

☞ There is a plant growing in the springs of Iceland, which not only flowers, but bears seed, in water hot enough to boil an egg.

☞ Flower stems should always be cut with a knife, and never with scissors, as the tubes will not draw up the water if they are bruised and lacerated and partly closed. Two or three drops of camphor in every ounce of milk-warm water, will often restore faded flowers, as it does a fainting person.

☞ STATISTICS OF BACHELORS.—A married lady has favored us with the following statistics:—Bachelors henpecked by their housekeepers, three thousand one hundred and eighty-five; pestered by lunacy-hunting relatives, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six; devoured by ennui and selfish cares, two thousand and sixty-four; troubled and tormented by nephews and nieces, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three; crabbed, cross-grained, and desolate in life's decline, five thousand three hundred and thirty-four; happy, none!

☞ A man is the healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

☞ The best evidence in the world that Christianity is advancing is found in the fact that the walls between the sects are growing weaker, or falling in ruins.—*Holland.*

☞ If you think that it is an easy thing to square the circle, just go and settle your wife's bill for hoops.

☞ Aid was rendered to the poor of England at their own homes, until about a century and a half ago, when workhouses were introduced. They had an instant and striking effect in reducing the number of the poor. Such was the aversion of paupers to these houses that it was proposed to weaken this aversion by calling workhouses by some softer and less offensive name.

☞ It may fairly be contended that inveterate laziness is the most effective labor-saving machine ever invented.

☞ A villain generally plays the coward, as if he supposed that the blackness of his heart might be redeemed by the whiteness of his liver.

THE SHARK.

AN ADVENTURE AT THE PEARL FISHERY.

One breathless day we were floating in our little boat at the pearl fishery watching the diving. "We" means my wife, myself, and our little daughter, who was nestled in the arms of her "ayah," or colored nurse. It was one of those tropical mornings the glory of which is indescribable. The sea was so trabsparent that the boat in which we lay, shielded from the sun by awnings, seemed to hang suspended in the air. The tufts of pink and white coral, that studded the bed of the ocean beneath, were as distinct as if they were growing at our feet. We seemed to be gazing upon a beautiful parterre of variegated candy tuft. The shores, fringed with palms and patches of a gigantic species of cactus, which was then in bloom, were as still and serene as if they had been painted on glass. Indeed, the whole landscape looked like a beautiful scene beheld through a glorified stereoscope. Eminently real, as far as detail went, but fixed and motionless as death. Nothing broke the silence save the occasional plunge of the divers into the water, or the noise of the large oysters falling into the bottom of the boats. In the distance, on a small, narrow point of land, a strange crowd of human beings was visible. Oriental pearl merchants, Fakeers selling amulets, Brahmins in their dirty white robes, all attracted to the spot by the prospect of gain (as fish collect round a handful of bait flung into a pond), bargaining, cheating, and strangely mingling religion and lucre. My wife and I lay back on the cushions that lined the after part of our little skiff, languidly gazing on the sea and the sky by turns. Suddenly our attention was aroused by a great shout, which was followed by a volley of shrill cries from the pearl-fishing boats. On turning in that direction the greatest excitement was visible among the different crews. Hands were pointed. White teeth glittered in the sun, and every dusky form was gesticulating violently. Then two or three negroes seized some long poles and commenced beating the water violently. Others flung gourds and calabashes, and odd pieces of wood and stones in the direction of a particular spot that lay between the nearest fishing-boat and ourselves. The only thing visible in this spot was a black, sharp blade, thin as the blade of a penknife, that appeared slowly and evenly cutting through the still water. No surgical instrument ever glided through human flesh with a more silent, cruel calm. It needed not the cry of "Shark! shark!" to tell us what it was. In a moment we had a vivid picture of that unseen monster, with its small, watchful eyes, and his huge mouth, with its double row of fangs, presented before our mental vision. There were three divers under water at this moment, while directly above them hung suspended this remorseless incarnation of death. My wife clasped my hand convulsively, and became deathly pale. I stretched out the other hand instinctively, and grasped a revolver which lay beside me. I was in the act of cocking it when a shriek of unutterable agony from the ayah burst on our ears. I turned my head quick as a flash of lightning, [illegible] over the gunwale of the boat, while down in the calm sea I saw a tiny little face swathed in white, sinking—sinking—sinking! What are words to paint such a crisis? I was roused from a trance of anguish by the flitting of a dark form through the clear water, cleaving its way swiftly towards that darling little shape, that drew dimmer and dimmer every second, as it settled in the sea. We all saw it, and the same thought struck us all. That terrible, deadly back fin was the key of our sudden terror. The shark! A simultaneous shriek burst from our lips. I tried to jump overboard, but was withheld by some one, little use had I done so, for I could not swim a stroke. The dark shape glided on like a flash of lightning. It reached our treasure. In an instant all we loved on earth was blotted from our sight. My heart stood still; my breath ceased; life trembled on my lips. The next moment a dusky head shot out of the water close to our boat—a dusky head whose parted lips gasped for breath, but whose eyes shone with the brightness of superhuman joy. The second after two tawny hands held a dripping white mass above water, and the dark head shouted to the boatman. Another second, and the brave pearl-diver had clambered in, and laid my little daughter at her mother's feet. This was the shark. This the man-eater. This hero, in sun-burned hide, who, with his quick aquatic sight, had seen our dear one sinking through the sea, and had brought her up to us again, pale and dripping, but still alive. What tears and what laughter fell on us three by turns as we named our gem rescued from the ocean, "Little Pearl!"

ECONOMICAL MARRIAGES.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier recommends the "formation of a Society for the promotion of Economical Marriages." He thus describes a "case" of the kind of social suffering he would alleviate:—"There is a lady of my acquaintance who has lately given her daughter in wedlock to a young man of estimable character, though of limited means—a phrase the cheap novelists are habitually using; as if the fact that a poor man could bear a good character, was so rare as to demand a paragraph by itself. For several days before the wedding, I saw in the house of my friend extensive preparations on foot. An immense pile of cards were sent out; the chambers were filled with seamstresses; cabinet councils were held twice a day below stairs by the parents and daughter, to settle the questions concerning music, refreshments, servants, crockery-ware, silver, and many other things. Each morning, the young lady and future husband were running about town to finish up the thousand details of the occasion; and each night, the whole family, fatigued by the day's labor, retired to unrefreshing slumber. At last the evening of the performance came. It was preceded by hours of the most tiresome supervision, preparation, anxiety on every account, and when the maiden went to her toilet, she was more fit for the attendance of the family physician than of her bridesmaids. Nevertheless there was no retreat; so, trusting to the excitement of the hour for physical force, she took the arm of the man with whom she was to go through life, himself almost as nearly worn out as she, and after having undergone the ceremony of promising to love, honor, and obey, stood for three hours to receive the congratulations of the guests, the majority of whom felt the same interest in the scene as they might have at the theatre or *ballet*. The crowd finally dispersed, the last carriage drove away, and after a few hours of quiet, the happy pair took an early train of cars, and jolted about the country for ten days or thereabouts, on a pleasure trip!"

The writer further enlarges on the difficulty of meeting the expenses of an ordinary wedding in these days, and then goes on to moralize thus instructively:—"The wonder is rather that so few young men are crushed at the commencement of their married life, than that so many forever cramp themselves by extravagance. How many wedded pairs are there in this small city who dare to be independent and comfortable, instead of sacrificing their content to the outrageous claims of what is called public opinion? How many would not be ashamed to own that, being unable to purchase meat seven days in the week, they went to market only every other day? How many would not feel their cheeks burning with an unmanly blush, should they venture to discuss with the wife at the breakfast-table the comparative expense of fish, flesh or fowl, with reference to the day's dinner? And how many of the young wives of this metropolis are there, into whose hearts would not steal that horrible doubt as to whether they had done well in marrying so economical a man, were such a discussion to arise? And what is the result of all this cowardly shrinking from an absurd phantom? Why, men become engaged in marriage, and then drag on, year after year, in the hope of being 'better able to support a wife,' till the beauty of the girl fades, the soul of the man withers, love dies out from the breast of the one or the other, and, instead of two married lovers, the world receives a flirt or a disappointed woman, a deceiver or a cynic. Or, if the man avoids this Scylla, he rushes to his destruction in a worse Charybdis."

☞ WHICH IS JOSH?—"What's that a pictur' on?" said a countryman in our hearing the other day in a print store, to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings.

"That, sir," said the dealer, "is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still."

"Du tell! Well, which is Josh, and which is his son?"—*Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ TAKING IT COOLLY.—A gentleman, a day or two since, was sitting in a barber shop, undergoing some tonsorial operation, when his partner in business stepped in and quietly remarked: "Brown, our place is on fire." "Well, let it burn, it's insured." "Yes, I know, but it will make a pretty warm fire, and I thought I'd just drop in and tell you about it; I didn't know but you'd want to see the old place burn." "Well, wait a minute or two, till my other whisker's trimmed, and I'll go with you."—*Cincinnati Times.*

☞ Do not be equally angry with a child [illegible] cherry-stones, and the greediness of taking more than his share of the cherries. If you have not the sense to see the difference between a real fault and a conventional one, depend upon it he has as yet enough conscience to do so.

☞ The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved. We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity and sincerity. No deformity is present where vanity and affectation are absent; and we are unconscious of the want of charms in those who have the power of fascinating us by something more real and permanent than external attractions and transitory shows.

☞ Judge of thine improvement, not by what thou speakest or writest, but by the firmness of thy mind, and the government of thy passions and affections.—*Fuller.*

☞ A good many of our American writers would be very formidable in the event of a war with Great Britain; they never put pen to paper without murdering the king's English.

☞ A very plain gentleman of our acquaintance, against whom a suit at law has been brought, declares that he means to appear personally in his own favor. We must assure him, in all kindness, that his personal appearance is not in his favor.

☞ A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.—If an acorn be suspended, by a piece of thread, to within half an inch of some water, contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing in this way on a mantel-shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

☞ MACAULAYANA.—Notwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational *points* which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few good stories current of him is the following: It is said that he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

☞ Perhaps the best prescription for the cure of *felons* is hemp-poultice.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—In one of the Paris Courts, the other day, in the defence of M. Vacherat, the author of a book on Democracy, his lawyer began to read, as a part of his argument, some passages from a modern book. The President Judge, M. Parterrieu Lafosse, stopped him, saying he could not tolerate the reading of doctrines so subversive. "What is that book?" added the Judge, "and who is its author?" "The work," replied Marie, (the advocate,) "is entitled 'The Extinction of Pauperism,' and its author is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." The Judge bit his lips and told the advocate he might go on. Marie, however, lost his cause, as very probably he expected.

THE TEETH.

HOW TO USE AND PRESERVE THEM.

Every one should be familiar with the fact that the decay of the teeth always commences externally, or, in other words, decay always shows itself upon the enamel, or bony structure of the teeth, and never internally, as was at one time supposed to be the case. It may be said to be, in most cases, the result of chemical action, produced by the decomposition of particles that collect or lodge in the interstices or depressions of the teeth while eating. Every one will therefore readily see how necessary it is to prevent all particles of food or foreign matter from remaining a sufficient time to produce decomposition. All food in a state of decomposition generates acid. From experiments by an eminent professor, it was found that "acetic and nitric acid so corroded the enamel in forty-eight hours, that it could readily be removed with the finger nail." Acetic acid, or common vinegar, is one of our principal condiments, and, he says, "is formed in the mouth whenever substances liable to fermentation are suffered to remain for any considerable length of time."

Citric acid, or lemon juice, of which many, especially young females, are so fond, readily acts upon the lime of which the teeth are composed, when brought into contact with them. Malic acid, or the acid of apples, in its concentrated state, also acts promptly; also muriatic, sulphuric and nitric acids, although greatly diluted. And here let us caution all persons against using any preparation to whiten their teeth; for as the teeth are mostly composed of phosphate and carbonate of lime, anything that produces effect, acts on their material, and will ultimately seriously injure or destroy them. Keep the teeth clean, and they are as white as nature intended. The same professor also found that "raisins so corroded the enamel in forty-eight hours, that its surface presented the appearance and consistency of chalk." The condition of the saliva is also, at times, acidulous. In view of what we have above stated, it will be seen how careful every one should be, for self or for children, to thoroughly cleanse the teeth from all substances that come in contact with them.

Preparations for cleansing and purifying the mouth should be free from all acids, and contain, as one of the principal ingredients, an alkali (such as is contained in soap) to neutralize the acid, and to destroy the animal and vegetable parasites that are secreted by the fluids. The mouth of persons who have been in the habit of using soaps freely as a dentifrice, are completely free from those productions. Every preparation, then, should contain this substance. But soap alone is not sufficient properly to cleanse the mouth and keep it in a healthy condition. Some substance should be combined with it that will produce a gentle friction, sufficient to create a healthful circulation of the blood in the gums, and remove from the surface of the enamel any extraneous accumulation that would otherwise disfigure it. Prepared chalk and a little orris-root to flavor, with pure castile soap, make a simple, and at the same time effective, dentifrice, all-sufficient to answer the purpose for which tooth-powder should be used. By no means use powdered charcoal as a dentifrice.—This substance is the same that is used to polish the surface of iron or steel; it is insoluble, and so acrid in its nature that, no matter how fine you may reduce it, its little black grains will not only insinuate themselves between the neck of the tooth and the gum, causing an irritation of the parts, which, in the end, may destroy the investing membrane of the tooth, but it scratches the surface of the enamel.—Not long since, the four upper incisors of a young lady who had been in the habit of using charcoal as a dentifrice, had to be removed, because their surfaces were seamed over with minute black lines that could not be erased, and the teeth loosened, and gums abraded and irritated from its constant use. It would be well for every one, before using a tooth-powder, to see if it will scratch glass, moistened and rubbed over its surface. If so, it will produce the same effect upon the glossy, glass-like surface with which God has covered the teeth. The use of tooth-powder is to keep the teeth clean, and not to change their natural color. If the teeth are of a dark or yellow hue, they never can be made white, except at the expense of the material of which they are composed; any powder, then, that whitens such teeth, is only acting chemically, and therefore injuriously, upon their structure.

The same care and attention required for the preservation of the permanent teeth, is necessary for the first set of teeth. Nature never intended that the teeth of children should be lost or removed by decay; but that they should remain to fulfill their offices until she should hang out her signal for their removal by causing them to become loose, and give way for the permanent set by the absorption of their roots. If nature had her course, we should seldom witness a case of irregular or deformed teeth or mouth, now so common. The principal reason of this deformity is, that one or more of the temporary teeth have been removed, on account of pain and decay, before the time, in consequence of which the space that nature had reserved for the permanent tooth becomes so contracted, that when it does appear it is crowded from its position, and is either thus left crowded, or a sound tooth has to be sacrificed to make room for it.

About the second or third year, the temporary teeth are complete, and are fully developed. Protect the first set of teeth from the spoiler. Early initiate the child into the mysteries of the dental toilet, by teaching him to use powder and the brush. Teach him that it is necessary that the mouth should be clean to eat his morning meal, as this time is generally best to clean the teeth, as it removes all vitiated secretions that have accumulated through the night. Then have the toothpick (an instrument more requisite than the brush for healthy teeth) brought into requisition after eating, so as to remove all particles of food that remain lodged between the teeth. Many a child would be saved from a great amount of suffering, and the parent spared a great amount of trouble, if these rules were observed.

About the sixth year, or soon after, four permanent molar or double teeth make their appearance. Let every parent remember this, as it is generally supposed that these four teeth belong to the first set, and that if they decay and are removed they will come again. This is a mistaken idea. They are permanent teeth, and if lost, will be lost forever. No teeth that come after the sixth year are ever shed. At twelve years, the second set is usually complete, with the exception of the *dens sapientiæ*, or wisdom teeth, which make their appearance from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth year.

REVIVALS IN IRELAND.

[From "The Revival in its Physical and Religious Aspects," by W. M. Wilkinson; published by Chapman & Hall.]

Men are struck down in the fields, in their own homes, as if killed instantaneously by a gun-shot; they fall with a deep groan, some with a wild cry of horror; others at the loom, and others in their beds. Some of them waste away to a shade; some of them are speechless for as long as twelve hours. I have seen some that would have dashed out their brains,—my own servant, for instance. Every girl now struck in Belfast has visions, and would be greatly disappointed if she had not; would think it only half done, and would probably pray to be struck again. Others who could not read a word in their ordinary state, have a faculty or power when in this wondrous state of perceiving in letters of light, and reading whole pages from the Bible; others of seeing things and persons at distances beyond the ken of natural eyes. In all cases, and in whatever stage of the impression, they (the stricken ones) were surrounded by crowds of friends or sympathizing comforters. They were prayed over, in some cases by a single leader; in others, by the audible supplications of several persons at the same moment, the stricken person sometimes uniting with them in language of glowing and continuous eloquence, and at other times by interjectional exclamations of trembling doubt, reviving hope, faith, love, or joy unspeakable.

During the earlier paroxysms the sufferers generally experienced considerable relief from sacred music. One person, when impressed, appeared to be in a state of great prostration—a partial stupor, from which she was occasionally roused into a feeling of mental agony, depicted in heart-rending expressions of the countenance, and uttered in deep, low wailings of terrible despair. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyelids firmly closed, except when partially roused by a convulsive paroxysm, and even then no part of the eye was visible, except a narrow line of white.

Soon after the breakfast hour six or seven young women became suddenly affected with all the usual symptoms while engaged at work in the spinning factory at Rateview. Intense excitement immediately ensued among the workers; the alarm soon became general, and within an hour twenty or thirty people of both sexes were found prostrated.

While Dr. Shaw was speaking, a person laboring under strong conviction of sin was carried out into the session-room. He was a person who had been converted before, but on this occasion they returned in a manner most distressing to witness.

After a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Moore, suddenly one person, and then another and another in rapid succession, fell to the ground with piercing cries of mental agony. The mysterious influence was at work. It soon spread further among the assemblage, and within half an hour we found twenty human beings stretched at full length upon the grass, exhibiting emotion, both of soul and body, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. At half-past ten o'clock we reckoned nine circles (of spectators) of this sort, in a single one of which we found eleven prostrate penitents, smitten to the heart. A young woman lay extended at full length, her eyes closed, her hands clasped and elevated, and her body curved, in a spasm so violent, that it appeared to rest, arch-like, upon her heels and the back of her head.—Another woman was deadly pale, her features rigid, her lips clenched, her hands clasped firmly together, and her head inclined, as if her neck was unable to support it; she uttered some deep moans through her nostrils, and her head moved from side to side, as if to indicate internal agony.

Mrs. C——— has been one of the most striking cases I have seen. She screamed so as to be heard a quarter of a mile off. She said she had felt heavy for some days, and she had to hold up her heart. Mary and Elizabeth H——— were taken ill at a prayer meeting. I did not see Elizabeth H———. Her sister said she was out putting a letter into the post, telling her friends in America how happy she was. Mary also said that Elizabeth had no struggle, but gave up her heart easily.—N. C———, not eighteen years of age, was in the act of holding a conversation with an invisible being, whom she called an angel.

☞ A boy was recently arrested for theft. His father pleaded guilty for him, but said, in extenuation, "James is a good boy, but he will steal."

☞ "Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No; but I've got the next thing to it." "What's that?" "A-severe cold."

☞ "Never, save in a case of life and death, interrupt a man at his dinner, unless you wish him to lose all kindly feeling for you, and perhaps become your bitter foe."

☞ A few years ago the ladies wore a kind of hood called "kiss-me-if-you-dare." The present style of bonnet might be called, with equal propriety, "kiss-me-if-you-want-to."

☞ Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the King may assume the crown at fourteen years of age and cannot marry before eighteen? "It is," said Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

☞ "How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of anything, now, but I have a very rich prospect, indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Allmond, a sister of Turner, one of the Virginians who was killed at the Harper's Ferry siege, has died at Charlestown, Va., of insanity produced by the circumstances of her brother's death.

Schiedam, the "schnaps" town, in Holland, has a population of about 12,500, a large portion of whom are engaged in the herring fishery. The manufacture of gin, for which it is particularly noted, gives employment to over 200 distilleries.

Slow, but Sure.—In Charter County, Tennessee, week before last, George H. Cheeks, who *fifteen* years ago, bought a negro girl from S. B. Patterson and paid for her in counterfeit money, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of 3 years.

A man in Brooklyn has recovered $486 75 damages from the owner of a dog, which bit him in the hand.

Some dispute having arisen between the Hindoos and Christians in Amednugger, India, in regard to the drawing of water for the public tanks, the former looking upon the latter as outcasts, the magistrates decided that the Christians could enjoy all the rights they had before conversion. The Hindoos, not satisfied with this, applied to the Governor in Council, who not only confirmed the decision of the magistrate, but went one step further, and reminding the Hindoos that, according to their own Shasters, "the caste of the Ruler is equal to the highest!" Thus all Christians being of "the caste of the Ruler," or of the British Queen, are made the highest at once. This, if carried out, will relieve the Christian missionaries in India of a great deal of annoyance.

A new form of electro-biology has been evoked in Paris—all who choose are sent to sleep with a table-spoon placed between their eyes. The great amusement of a Paris *soiree* is to produce an attack of *hypnotism*, as it is termed, and you see ladies holding their diamonds in their hands, and men armed with all the silver spoons they can lay hold of. The most extraordinary tales are told of the accidents brought about; and in one corner you are informed how Count ——— was thrown into fits by looking at Madame V———'s diamond hair-comb; and in another, you catch the "authentic account" of Baron Y———'s squint, produced by too steady contemplation of a well polished gravy-spoon, and of which nothing in the world can cure him now.

Nebraska Territory has gone for the Republicans—36 counties out of 48, with 4 counties to hear from. The vote stands 1,877 to 1,987 against a State Government.

The Democratic State Convention of California passed resolutions endorsing President Buchanan's administration, approves the Dred Scott decision, and declares Daniel S. Dickinson the first choice of the Democracy of California for the Presidency, but does not instruct the delegates to support him.

Color Blindness.—Professor G. Wilson has submitted a paper to the British Association of Science, in which he states that out of 1,154 persons of all occupations, he found 1 in 55 color-blind, that is, unable to distinguish the colors, red, brown, green and blue.

A New Southern State.—The old project of forming a new State out of northern Mississippi, western Tennessee, and the extreme western point of Kentucky, has been revived, and the Tennessee Legislature has given it its sanction. The proposed State would be bounded by the Tennessee River on the East, through the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and by the Mississippi on the West, and would contain a population of about seven hundred thousand.

Death of the Widow of Morgan.—We announced, a few months ago, the fact that the widow of Morgan, of anti-Masonic notoriety, resided in the vicinity of this city. After the disappearance of Morgan, the lady alluded to was married to a gentleman named Harris, and [illegible] na. Subsequent to the death of her second husband she came to this vicinity, and bestowed her time in kind offices exercised towards the poor and afflicted, having been connected latterly with the Leath Orphan Asylum, in the suburbs of Memphis.—*Memphis Appeal.*

Some of the identical lot of tea which was thrown overboard in Boston harbor in 1770, is in possession of Mr. Charles Hosmer, of Hartford, Conn. This specimen was gathered up on the beach at Dorchester the succeeding day.

Hawthorne expects to return home in June. He has been absent nearly eight years, during which time he has visited various countries of Europe.

Coffee in Cold Regions.—Dr. Hayes, of Arctic fame, in his recently published work, expresses the opinion, based upon experience, that to men living on a short allowance of food, in a cold climate, where special stimuli are required, there is nothing as valuable as coffee. Tea is not much prized by explorers in frozen regions. To Arctic travellers, the Doctor adds, spirits in any form are in almost every case worse than useless, while coffee is always grateful, and always beneficial.

A Western letter says of Kit Carson:—"When on his feet, Mr. Carson has a somewhat dumpy look—the result of what the Hoosier girl described in Mr. Douglass as an 'infy-nite small chance of legs;' but he sits upon a horse like a King. I never saw a man presenting a more regal aspect than this veteran mountaineer, when upon his favorite animal, dashing along like the wind."

Among the bills introduced into the Legislature of New York is one to incorporate the "New York Saddle Horse Club"—corporators, Charles A. Dana, John A. C. Gray, George E. Waring, Jr., Edward Baynard, and Wm. Leffingwell. Capital, $200,000. Object, the encouragement and practice of horsemanship, and the breeding of saddle-horses.

At the recent Democratic State Convention of Maryland, the Delegates elected to the Charleston Convention were not pledged, but are generally considered as opposed to Douglas.

Official dispatches have been received at Washington, showing that the Mexican people have not encouraged Cortinas in his raids on Texas, but have opposed and endeavored to retard his forays.

Too Many of the Same Sort.—Among the nine thousand eight hundred and twenty cities, villages, &c., set down in the United States census of 1850, we have only *three* thousand eight hundred and twenty different names.

The Act for the Protection of the Property Rights of Married Women, passed both branches of the Legislature of New York, and now lacks only the approval of the Governor to become a law. It places the earnings and property of married women within their own exclusive control.

The reason given by the American officer off Vera Cruz, for capturing Miramon's vessels, is that when the latter were requested to show their colors they would not, but answered a shot before their bows to bring them to, by a broadside in return. The vessels and prisoners are now at New Orleans.

Mexico.—The following are the last reports from Mexico, which may be considered true until denied. Miramon has been defeated, and has fled his country. The city of Vera Cruz was bombarded by Miramon on the 13th, but received very little damage. A detachment of his troops advancing from Alvarado was completely routed by the Liberals. A cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, and Miramon and Juarez and the representatives of the foreign Governments met on the evening of the 13th, but the result had not transpired. The city of Mexico has pronounced against Miramon, and his army is deserting him, and his communications with the interior are entirely cut off. He is reported to have abandoned the siege, deserted his army, and taken refuge on board the French fleet.

An Extraordinary Elephant.—A little incident occurred the other night, at Dan Rice's circus, in this city, during the representation of the East Indian spectacle of the Elephant of Siam, which deserves notice; especially as it is not probable that half a dozen people in the audience supposed but that it was a part of the business of the play. In one of the scenes, the Prince Alamanzor, who has fallen into the power of an usurper, is brought upon the stage in a box, by a party of the usurper's attendants, who intend to throw him into a hole. These were frightened by the approach of the Sacred Elephant, and fled precipitately, leaving the Prince enclosed in what was intended for his coffin. Then, according to the author, the elephant enters, opens the box, and discovering her protege, half suffocated, plucks an orange from a tree and hands it to him, to revive his fainting energies. This the elephant Lalla Rookh usually has done in manner deserving of all commendation, but last night the orange was inadvertently hung in a different place from that which it had previously occupied, and poor Lalla Rookh was in great tribulation in consequence. She reached for it where it should have been, but not finding it, commenced a series of the most comical manœuvres. With a shout, quickly repeated, "trump-tinga," or shrieks, she threw her trunk wildly around in hopes of finding the missing fruit, and, as if fearful that the audience would be disappointed by her failure, endeavored to compensate for it by going through some extempore performances not in the bills—placing herself in various positions, such as she had been taught to assume when performing in the ring. Finally, coming to the conclusion that the orange was there, she paused for an instant; and then, as if a happy suggestion had occurred to her, grasped from the flats an imaginary one, which she presented to the Prince with all due ceremony, somewhat to his astonishment, for being in a position which would not allow him to see what had been going on, he extended his hand as usual to receive what proved to be merely a "freak of imagination" on the part of the elephant. When it is recollected that the animal was on the stage by herself, without any keeper to control her movements, the wonderful intelligence she displayed will be fully appreciated, and those who comprehended the subterfuge she employed to deceive the audience, concurred in pronouncing it the most extraordinary display of elephantine sagacity on record.

A Valuable Discovery has just been made in the vaults of an eminent London banker. The discovery consists of a large box of letters, containing the correspondence of Mr. Bradshaw, Secretary of the Treasury in the reign of George III., a man very well known to the readers of Walpole's Letters, and of the Secret History of the Court Intrigues, when Queen Victoria's paternal grandfather was King. The letters are of the most confidential nature—written by men like the Duke of Grafton, Lord North, Lord Rockingham, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Barrington, Richard Rigby, Sir Philip Francis, and Mr. Boswell's Dr. Samuel Johnson. Johnson's letters relate to his pension; and there are traces of "Junius" in this valuable box of papers.

By the side of the slab which covers the remains of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, is a small tombstone, somewhat broken and defaced, containing the following inscription:—"Francis F., son of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin. Deceased Nov. 21, 1736, aged 4 years, 1 month, and 1 day. 'The delight of all who knew him.'"

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 185—Adults 89, and children 96.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18 —		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	106	—
" " '68	109	—
" "s" coupon '74s	102¼	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	10	102
" " new	104½	105
" "	94	—
Penn 6 pr ct	97	—
" " coupon	99	—
Allegheny City 6 pr ct	85	78
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" "	93½	93½
Penn 5 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	77¾	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	99½	—
Ohio " 1886	99½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99¾
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	—
Philadelphia	118	120
Far & Mec	57	57½
Commercial	48	50
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	88	—
P Township	55	55½
Kensington	54	55
Girard	46½	47
Western	46	48
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	52½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	23	23½
Commonwealth	26½	27
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	46
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	150	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	89	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	105	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Lightto	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	½
New Grenada	—	½
N America Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberties Gas	30	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	50	51
Bonds	87	90
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsy vania RR 1st mort bonds	101	102
" 2nd "	90¾	91
" stock	50½	53¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
" stock	127	129
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
" mort 6's '44	—	—
" '86	71¾	72
" stock	20½	20¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
" stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	—
" 6 pr ct loan, '60	93½	—
Ches Val R R, '72	95½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	83
Wilmo & Elmira 7's 1st mort	56	58
" 2nd "	11½	13
" stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	58	59
" preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
" 6 pr ct loan	64	65
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	43	43½
" 6 pr ct loan	99	100
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	—	—
" bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	11½	11¾
Erie R R stock	—	—
" bonds	83	85
N Y Central	78½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
Michigan Central	47¾	48¼
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	71½	72
" imp. 6 pr ct	73¾	74
" stock	8½	9
" preferred	17½	17¾
Lehigh Nav stock	32½	33
" mort 6 pr ct	100	101
" scrip	31½	32
Morris Consol'd	5½	5¾
" preferred	109½	110
Cass & Del bonds	46	—
Union "	19	—
" bonds	1	—
Sus & Tidewater	3½	3
" bonds, 1878	80	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 24, 1860.

Pennsylvania.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
New Jersey.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
Delaware.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Maryland.	
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
New York.	
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	
Maine.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Vermont.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Connecticut.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
Virginia.	
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis	
Dist. of Columbia.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
North Carolina.	
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	
Georgia.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
South Carolina.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
Alabama.	
Solv bks 1 to 2½ dis	
Mississippi.	
All bks uncertain	
Louisiana.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Ohio.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
Kentucky.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
Indiana.	
State bank 1 to 1½ dis	
Illinois.	
Solv bks 3½ dis	
Missouri.	
Solv bks 1½ to 2½ dis	
Tennessee.	
Old bks 1½ to 2½ dis	
Michigan.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks 3 dis	
Texas.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis	
Canada.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour, with fair receipts and a limited demand both for export and home use, has been dull and drooping during the entire week; some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a decline of 12½@25c ₱ bbl, the latter on the better grades, without resulting in much business; the sales reach some 6000 bbls, in lots, at $5,75@6 for superfine, the latter for very choice brands; mostly, however, at $5,80@5,81 for good straight lots, $6@6,25 for extras; $6,25@6,50 for family, and $6,75@7 for fancy brands, including 1000 bbls family taken on terms kept private, and 300 bbls good superfine sold at $6. Rye Flour continues scarce, and holders ask $4,37½, with a limited business only to note. Corn Meal is less firm, a small sale was made early in the week at $3,70, but buyers now only offer $3,50 ₱ bbl for Penna meal; a sale of Brandywine meal was made, the particulars of which were not allowed to transpire.

GRAIN—There has been rather more Wheat offering since the close of last week, and holders, in order to effect sales, have submitted to a decline of 2@3c ₱ bus; the transactions include about 20,000 bus, in lots, at 140@148c, mostly at 145c for prime Southern Red, and 158@163c for White, as to quality, closing with a little better demand. Rye is also lower, and some 3000 bus Penna sold at 92@93c, chiefly at the former rate for prime lots. Corn has been unsettled and dull, and only about 25,000 bus Yellow found buyers at 70@74c for fair to strictly prime lots, in store and afloat, mostly at 73c, and 64@65c for damaged, including some good White at 72@73c. Oats are firmer, with further sales of 10,000 bus to note at 44@45c for Southern, and 45@46c for Penna, the latter for prime lots.—Barley is quiet, and a small business doing at 80@85c. Barley Malt is also quiet, with moderate sales to note at 90@95c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally has been very quiet, and barreled meats are steady, at $18,25@18,50 for mess pork; some 250 bbls city packed sold on terms we could not learn. Beef is also quiet, and prices the same. Bacon moves off as wanted at 10@12c for plain and fancy hams; 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders, usual terms. Green Meats are dull, with sales of Hams in pickle at 9½@10½c; Shoulders at 7½@7½c, and Sides at 9½c, usual credit. Lard is steady, with further sales of 500 bbls and tes at 11½@11½c, and 600 kegs, part private and part at 12c, on time. Butter continues dull, solid packed selling at 10@11c; some grease at 8½c, and roll at 15@17c ₱ lb, the latter for prime. Cheese is unchanged, ranging at 11@12c. Eggs are lower, and selling at 13c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been very inactive this week, buyers taking hold only to supply their immediate wants, and for the low grades of which the bulk of the stock consists, prices are unsettled and drooping, but, cottons are somewhat scarce and command full prices, the sales reach some 12,000 bales, in lots, at from 10½ to 12½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former description.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, and all offered, some 50 hhds 1st No 1 sold at $29 ₱ ton. The receipts are light and the demand good. Nothing doing in tanners' bark.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is in steady demand at 36c, but we hear of no sales.

COAL—There is no change in prices, but the scarcity of vessels and advanced rates of freight limit operations. Orders, however, come in slowly, and the market has been quiet this week, but without any alteration to notice.

COFFEE—There is none arriving, and the stock being all out of first hands, the sales have been limited to some 700 bags, in small lots, at from 12½ to 14½c for common to good Rio, 12½@13c for St. Domingo, and 16@16½c for Java, on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, but without any change to note in the price or demand of either sheathing or yellow metal.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering or selling, and the market is quiet at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT continues dull; sales of Dried Apples are a small business only to notice within the range of quotations. Pea Nuts are dull, and Green Apples scarce; we quote the latter at $2½@3½ ₱ bbl.

HEMP—There is nothing doing worthy of note, and no alteration in the market.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals of foreign, and the market is firm but dull at previous rates, with a very light stock to operate in.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business doing in Eastern and Western at from 13 to 17c ₱ lb, on time.

IRON—There is very little demand for Pig Metal, and the market is dull, the sales reaching about 5000 tons Anthracite only at $23@23,50 for No 1, the latter in a small way; $22 for No 2, and $20@21 for mottled and gray forge, all on the usual credit. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales. Blooms and Boiler Plates are also quiet, with small sales of the latter at quotations. In Manufactured Iron the movement is also small, and orders for all kinds come in slowly. Prices, however, are unchanged.

LEAD—There is little stock here to operate in, and we are only advised of a small sale of Virginia at $5,80 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—The market remains inactive, but good Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather are scarce, and command full prices.

LUMBER—There is not much doing as yet. Further sales of Susquehanna White Pine Boards are reported at $14@16. 200,000 feet shipping Boards at $14; 150,000 feet Delaware Yellow Sap at $14@17, and some Hemlock raft lumber at $7,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES continues dull, but the receipts are light and the sales limited to a few lots of clayed Cuba at 24@26c, Muscovado do at 28@31c, and Porto Rico at 40c, on time. Of New Orleans some further sales are reported at 45@47c, mostly at the former rate for fair quality, on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There has been none arriving or selling, and the quotations are nominally unchanged.

SEEDS—There has been very little demand for cloverseed. There is less however, arriving, and prime lots are rather scarce. Sales reach about 1600 bush at $3,75@4 for inferior to fair, and $4,25@4,50 ₱ bush for good and prime quality, mostly at $4@4,25. Timothy has been selling moderately at $3,25@3,50 ₱ bushel, the latter for prime. A sale of common quality was made at $3. Flaxseed comes in slowly and commands $1,58@1,60 ₱ bush. Some 5,300 bags Calcutta Linseed sold on arrival on terms we could not learn.

SPIRITS—Brandy continues firm and on the advance, with moderate sales at full prices. A cargo of Bordeaux has just arrived, but no large sales have transpired. Gins are steady in price. N E Rum is selling at 35@37c, as to lots. Whiskey continues dull and unsettled, Pennsylvania bbls selling at 22½c, Western do 23@23½c, Drudge 20½@21c, and hhds at 21½@22c.

SUGARS—The stocks and receipts are light for the season, and the market closes with more firmness on the part of holders. The sales reach some 750 hhds, in lots, at 6½@6¾c for refining, and 7@8c for grocery qualities, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firm, with a moderate business to note in city at 11c. Country is steady at 10@10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The sales are mostly confined to manufactured, which is selling rather more freely at previous quotations. Leaf is quiet, but without any changes to note, the sales being only in a small way.

WOOL—There is very little movement in the market, and a small business doing in both fleece and pulled, within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. The prices ranged from $7 to 10½ ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head arrived, and sold at from 6 to 7c ₱ lb, gross. Cows—250 head sold at from $25 to 40, as in quality.

At Imhoff's Hog market 1087 head arrived during the week. The selling prices were for "still" fed $7 to 8,50, and for corn fed $8,50@9,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 24.—BREADSTUFFS——Sales of 5500 barrels at $5,15@5,25 for State; $5,95@6,10 for Ohio, and $5,90@6,20 for Southern. Wheat has a declining tendency; sales unimportant. Corn heavy; sales of 6000 bus. Pork quiet at $17,25@17,75 for Mess, and $12,50@14,37½ for Prime. Lard steady at 10½@11½c. Whiskey dull at 22½c.

Destruction of Birds Forbidden in Germany.—The destroying all birds, except game to eat, has been recently prohibited in many of the small German States on the Rhine, and in parts of Germany. The motives urged are these—wherever the farmers have killed the rooks, jays, and even sparrows, the crops have been less than where they have been unmolested. Very able naturalists have examined this, and have reported that the vast quantity of noxious vermin which the birds kill greatly exceeds the small quantity of grain they consume in searching for the insects on which they feed.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Union county, Illinois, March 8th, 1860, by the Rev. P. H. Kroh, Mr. Riley Eddleman, to Miss Amy Hileman.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Henry Knipe, to Miss Sarah Ann Krupp, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the same, Mr. Abraham B. Chilcott, of this city, to Miss Sarah Hallowell, of Montgomery county.

By the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D D., at Saint Mark's Church, on the 21st instant, Edmund D. Randolph, to Helen E. Lothrop, daughter of Z. Lothrop, Esq. both of this city

On the 14th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, at the residence of her father, Benjamin A. Tyler, of Greenwich, Cumberland county, N. J. to Mercy, daughter of Isaac Busby, of Moorestown, Burlington county, N. J.

On the 17th of Sept. 1859, in Reading, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Limebauch, Mr. Samuel Hill, of Reading, Pa. to Miss Mary Donnelly, of this city.

March 15th, 1860, by Recorder Enos, Morris Haines, to Miss Matilda Nelley, both of Moorestown, N. J.

March 19th, 1860, at 242 Hanover Street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Ashton Harrison, to Miss Ruth Hume, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. John H. Fisher, to Miss Emma Smith, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday night, the 19th instant, Anna M. Angus, in her 13th year.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. Esther Moore, in her 72d year.

On Wednesday morning, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Samuel Friedly, in her 54th year.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 17th instant, Sarah, relict of the late Asa Gibbs, in her 82d year.

On the morning of the 19th instant, James P. [illegible]

On the 18th instant, Thomas Savery, in his 85th year.

On Monday morning, the 19th instant, Mrs. Catharine Carson, in her 83d year.

On the 17th instant, Elizabeth K. Richardson, wife of Jacob Richardson, aged 48 years.

At Blackwoodtown, N. J., March 19th, the Rev. Howes Sears, aged 45 years, late Pastor of the Baptist Church at that place.

On the 11th instant, Catharine S. wife of Bartholomew Clare, in her 36th year.

On Tuesday morning, 13th instant, Alexander Eossaubert, aged 34 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Rush, in her 70th year.

THE HUDSON,

From the Wilderness to the Sea.

THE ART JOURNAL for March, containing Part III of B. J. Lossing's papers on the Hudson, is now ready, profusely illustrated with Engravings on wood. This number also contains three beautiful Steel Engravings:

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3. MADONNA DI SAN SISTO. Engraved by W. Holl, from the Picture by Raffaelle, in the Royal Gallery at Dresden.

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ROW ABOUT A POST-OFFICE STAMP.

The following incident, which a French exchange brings us as having taken place in Paris, is so good, and contains such a capital moral for the edification of people prone to finding fault with postmasters, that we translate it with pleasure:—

The cause of the hubbub had occurred in one of the city post-offices of Paris, where a clerk, whose duty it was to attend to prepaid letters, was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed in in great trepidation. This woman was the widow Bichard.

"Sir," she exclaimed, addressing the clerk in a voice tremulous with anger, "how does it happen, I should like to know, that when one has prepaid the postage on a letter, the person to whom it is sent is made to pay for it again?"

"How it happens, madam?" cried the clerk, "why it don't happen at all."

"Well, I say it does happen, and what's more, that it happened to-day—there!"

"And I tell you again, that it is impossible that it should be so."

"But it is a person of my acquaintance, to whom I wrote yesterday, and whose letter I prepaid, who says she had to pay for it, too. She was furious about it, and I don't wonder she was; for I wrote to her concerning my own affairs, and she had to pay the postage. It's down right robbery, I say!"

And thereupon the widow kicked up such a rumpus that it was found necessary to call in a policeman, and take her before a magistrate. Instead of pacifying Madame Bichard, this proceeding nearly threw her into the last degree of exasperation. Although the officer requested her to assume a proper line of conduct, the widow persisted in her fury, and stamped and screamed most uproariously.

"To be told, too, that I don't know what I have done with it!" she cried.

"Done with what?" inquired the magistrate.

"The receipt," answered the widow; "the receipt which proves that I prepaid the letter."

So saying, she fumbled in all her pockets.

"There," she exclaimed suddenly, "I've got it! Here it is!"

And she exhibited triumphantly to the magistrate—what can you imagine it was?—*a postage stamp!* The poor lady had taken it as a *receipt* for the money she had paid to the clerk, and had treasured it sacredly instead of pasting it upon the letter!

The blunder was duly explained to her, amid the laughter from the spectators. She promptly acknowledged her fault, and regretted she had given away to her anger.

A CASE OF SYMPATHY.—Colonel Jones and Major Smith lived in Texas in 1833, and may live there yet for aught I know. They were both men of property, owned large plantations, were good citizens, kind neighbors, and *extremely popular. They were men of great* courage, had been engaged in many a skirmish with the Indians, and not a few with white men more savage than the Indians.

Like most men of that day and country, Jones and Smith would occasionally get on a spree, and their frolics were often protracted until late in the night. Their pleasure on such occasions was frequently damped by the thought of their wives at home, who, like Tam O'Shanter's good dame, sat nursing their wrath to keep it warm.

One night, after having kept up their frolic until a late hour, they returned home, when Colonel Jones found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm. The Colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the just indignation of his better half. Instead of going to bed he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as, "Poor Smith! Poor fellow!" His wife kept silent as long as possible; but at last, overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired in a sharp tone, "What's the matter with Smith?"

"Ah!" says the Colonel, "his wife is giving him fits just now!"

Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke and her wrath dissolved.

PUTTING A SHOOT IN IT.—While travelling in Ireland, I had the pleasure of witnessing the occurrence I am about to relate. About noon, one day, I stopped at a house to refresh myself and my horse.

While eating my dinner, the son of "mine host" entered with some game in his hand, and his gun over his shoulder. Laying his game on a side table, he went to where his mother was sitting, and in a playful manner, pointed the empty gun at her. With fear stamped on her countenance, she arose from her seat and begged him to desist, at the same time calling on the saints to protect her, and crossing herself.

"Why, mother," exclaimed the son, "why are ye so fearful? sure an' it isn't loaded."

"Oh, Jemmy, darlin," said she, "what does that matter—sure an conldn't Old Nick 'av put a shoot in it?"

NOT A BAD IDEA.—Last summer I took my four-year old to see his aunt in Washington county, New York. There, for the first time, he had a near view of a cow. He would stand and look on while his uncle milked (the men do the milking there,) and ask all manner of questions. In this way he learned that the long, crooked branches on the cow's head were called *horns*. City boys only know of one kind of *horns*—i. e., *little* city boys. A few days after obtaining this information, hearing a strange kind of bawling noise in the yard, he ran out to ascertain its source. In a few minutes he returned, wonder and delight depicted on his countenance, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma! oh! do come out here! *The cow's blowing her horn!*"

☞ It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies.

AN AMERICAN MUNCHAUSEN.—Not a thousand miles from New York, a certain fashionable watering-place rejoices in a character ycleped "*Lyme*," for short. Lyme has a friend and boon companion, a most determined drawer of the long bow—a native American Munchausen. After some of his exploits, on one occasion, Lyme remarked to him,

"Joe, why in thunder don't you cut down your stories? Tell *moderate-sized lies*, and people *may* believe some of them!"

"Well," replied Joe, "I'll make a bargain, Lyme, that whenever you find me getting beyond my depth, or out of bounds, you shall tread on my foot."

And so the compact was understood.

Not many days elapsed when, at dinner, after the cloth was removed and the bottle was going around pretty freely, the heroes being present, the conversation turned upon agriculture and farming in general, and Joe put in his oar.

"My uncle, in Illinois, built a barn last year much larger than that last one you told of."

"Pray what were its dimensions?"

"Well," said Joe, "it was twenty-eight feet high, seven hundred and fifty-four feet long (down comes Lyme's foot under the table,) and (hurriedly) two feet wide!"

"There!" said Lyme, aside, "now you have done it!"

"Well," replied Joe, "if you'd let me alone I'd have had a good proportioned building!"

THE DEFENCE OF JOE SMITH.—The late Justin Butterfield was well known as one of the most eminent lawyers of Illinois. With a cold and impassive manner, he was capable of enlivening the driest legal argument with the keenest wit.

On one occasion he was retained by the celebrated Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, to defend him upon an indictment for treason before the United States Court at Springfield.

Judge Pope had permitted, with his usual gallantry, a large number of fair ladies to occupy the ample room in close proximity to the Judge. A large number of spectators from all parts of the State, crowded the court-room. Mr. Butterfield arose in his usual solemn and dignified manner, and began the defence in this wise:

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury—I arise before the 'Pope'—in the presence—of Angel—to defend—the Prophet of the Lord!"

The inspiration of the *defender* continued to the termination of a successful *defence* of the defended.

ODE OF THE EPITAPH.—The famous inscription—"MARY, *the Mother of* WASHINGTON"—upon the tomb-stone of that immortal woman, has always been admired for its touching simplicity and grand significance. I think I can furnish you with an instance of *simplicity* of another kind, though its significance may not be appreciated by your many readers without a hint at the calibre of the author.

Not a thousand miles from here lives a lawyer, so styled by courtesy, for his knowledge of law extended only to his dexterity in getting his neighbors into difficulty, without the ability to help them out. His father, an unpretending but worthy citizen, died a few years since, when this hopeful son caused to be erected over his remains, where it still stands, a stone with this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

ABEL JOHNSON,

FATHER OF GEORGE P. JOHNSON, ESQ.

A TIGER FIGHT.

As we passed through the thick jungle, several of the party continued to make a great noise with tomtoms, for the purpose of frightening the tigers with which it abounded; but great as was the din created by the voices of the men and the sound of the tom-toms, one terrific scream was heard above all. There was a rush forward, so suddenly that I fell to the ground, and was stumbled over by my immediate followers. Before I could scramble to my feet again, I heard a loud shriek, a groan, then a rush through the tall reeds, and a terrible growl.

"The tiger! the tiger!" was the cry on all sides.

"Lord of heaven! she has taken a man with her," said Naon.

"Steady," said Mikee, softly, his great eyeballs scarcely less glaring than those of the tiger; adding, as he crouched upon his knees and hands, "the devil shall die—our friend shall be revenged!"

"Stay, man; surely you would not venture without a rifle to attack the beast," said I.

"Mikee is a great hunter; he will revenge his friend," he said, sternly; adding, "The noble colar has fought with a more terrible enemy, therefore is not like the Carians, in fear. Let him follow softly with his rifle."

"I will. It will cover you," said I, making up my mind at once to the course I intended to follow.

Then Mikee, upon knees and hands, with his sword beneath his arm, and his shield moved upward upon his shoulder, crawled forward; fortunately the jungle here had been beaten down; probably it was a tiger track.

"Softly, and we shall come upon the brute;" and Mikee moved forward. Then we heard a suppressed growl, by which we knew the savage animal had stopped to devour, or at least to play with its prey. A little farther on, through an opening, we saw a scene that lives in my eyes at this moment.

The bleeding corpse of the poor Carian, which the tiger had carried upon its back, lay extended upon the grass, the beast either not caring for or believing itself safe from pursuit; for it was an old tigress, who had been taught by experience with what impunity she might steal one man from a party without being followed by his comrades, that stood with one paw upon the breast, and, as if it heard or scented us, with its head turned in the direction of approach.

It was a terrible moment; I levelled my rifle over Mikee's shoulder, at the same time saying—

"I have a good sight, I will fire."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

DISCERNING CHILD (*who has heard some remarks made by papa*).—"Are you our new nurse?"

NURSE.—"Yes, dear!"

CHILD.—"Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness—so you had better get some sponge cakes and oranges at once!"

"No; hush!" he replied; and we waited at least three minutes, which were lengthened by terrible anxiety, as I gazed at the flaming eyeballs of the brute.

Our silence at length threw the beast off her guard; she was now about to commence her fearful repast. Like a cat with a mouse, she walked around the body, patting it with her paws, as if to make it move; then, lashing her tail to and fro, keeping up a low growl, she turned her head from us. Mikee's opportunity had arrived; so as he fixed his shield upon his left arm and grasped his sword firmly, he said—

"Should I miss her, take time for aim and fire, not before," and instantly leaped through the opening. Unfortunately his foot slipped—he fell upon his back. The tigress quitted her prey, and in a second had her claw upon his breast. That blow from the claw alone would have given him his death wound, had he not either instinctively, or with wonderful presence of mind, so placed his shield that it caught and so rendered harmless the beast's paw.

[illegible] the value of my rifle, and a bullet pierced her neck. It would not, however, have served Mikee; for, instead of killing, it but directed her rage to her new enemy, myself, towards whom she glanced fiercely, and, removing her paw from Mikee, prepared to spring; but as she did so, Mikee's sword passed into her heart, and, thief and assassin as she was, she rolled over dead.

"Bravo, Mikee! thou art indeed a mighty hunter," said I.

"Mikee deserves no praise, since but for the noble colar's rifle he would have been defeated. A great hunter relies upon his own arm alone," said he, adding, "our brother is revenged, and the murderer will do to feed the soldiers of the Maha."—*The White Elephant.*

Agricultural.

CULTIVATION OF THE POTATO.

The following article from the last number of the *London Agricultural Gazette*, may not be without its interest and instruction to American readers:—

For several years I have been as successful in the growth of the Potato as most people, and probably I have taken more pains in the selection of varieties than any one person at the present day, and I have certainly paid for my hobby, for wherever I could hear of a new kind of Potato, let the distance be what it might, the expense of carriage was no obstacle in the way of procuring it. During my Potato mania, I procured 123 varieties—what did I say, varieties? Alas! varieties of names—some of the sorts having no fewer than six different ones. For several years past I have urged your readers to adopt the principles laid down by me for Potato cultivation, but in many instances I am afraid that my persuasions have been in vain. Allow me therefore to recapitulate briefly the most essential points on which success almost entirely depends.

CHOICE OF GROUND.—The best soils for the Potato are light, dry and friable loams. In general, new or recently broken-up land will produce better Potatoes than worked ground. Uplands and the lighter kinds of soils are better than rich, strong ground. Sandy land produces scab, which will prevent the Potato from realizing a high market price; besides, in dry seasons, the tubers are frequently very small, while strong, tenacious soils, if constantly in a state of moisture, produce immature tubers, which are sodden, waxy, and of bad quality; but in ground which to all appearance is loose and sandy, if there is humidity enough, Potatoes will thrive and be of excellent quality.

PREPARATION OF THE GROUND.—All soils intended to be planted with Potatoes should be got up in as rough a state as possible by the end of November, in order that it may receive the benefit of frosty weather. The ridges should not be nearer than from 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet apart. This should entirely depend on the nature of the ground and the varieties intended to be planted; some sorts produce double as much haulm as others. Potatoes should always be planted at such distances as that they may receive the full benefit of sun and air. Manure should always be applied in autumn in a thoroughly decomposed state—fresh green manure is certainly detrimental to the plant, and encourages disease.

SELECTION OF TUBERS FOR SEED.—Unless your land varies in quality, it is always much better to exchange or purchase the seed for planting. If you would escape disease, never plant the same variety on the same land two years in succession. I prefer a change of sorts and seed every season. I would here remark this is one of the points necessary in order to avoid disease; whole sets are decidedly the best, and although they may cost a trifle more per acre, yet a greater crop is obtained from them, and they have far more power to resist mischievous influences and to escape disease. Middle-sized sets should in all cases be preferred. Green tubers, as they are termed, are those which are full of vegetative sap; such as have never ripened to dryness are decidedly the best, and are found to inherit vigor and health; the best crop before it is sufficiently ripe, and expose the produce to sun and air. There is another advantage in procuring seed from land of a different quality from that you intend to plant, beside the one alluded to above: I have always found my crops at least one-third heavier when planted with fresh sorts and seed than when planted with my own selected seed from the same quality of land. I have remarked more than once, even when the tubers have been particularly small, that of those not of home growth the produce was much larger than that of full-sized sets that have been selected from the same kind of ground. In fact, the largest crop of Potatoes I ever saw was from sets (many of them not larger than a Cob-nut) of the Lapstone Kidney; these were brought to Worcester by my late employer, Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart., from Scarborough. This convinced me at once that it was requisite to change the seed and kinds more frequently than I had hitherto done, a practice that cannot be too highly recommended.

TIME AND METHOD OF PLANTING.—The best time for planting is as early in spring as the weather and state of the ground will admit. I prefer the last week in February, for Potatoes under a low temperature without covering of mould begin to germinate spontaneously in March and April, which clearly indicates that it is time they were in the ground. I always think it detrimental to the crop if it is kept out of the ground later than the second week in March. A great point since the appearance of the disease, is found to be having the Potato crop sufficiently forward to escape the risk of vicissitudes of weather at the stage of forming its tubers, and the damaging effects of wet and cold at ripening time. This cannot be attained by any expedient short of the earliest planting; yet situation, climate, soil, and the variety, are powerfully controlling circumstances, and may render later planting necessary. I have found, from 11 years' experience, that it is the best mode to plant Potatoes in old tan, with a portion of lime, which not only improves the quality of the Potato, but also appears to assist it in resisting disease.—My method is as follows: Previous to planting the sets, I have the sides of the ridges chopped slightly down, and about 3 inches of old tan placed between them. I then plant 16 inches apart on the tan, then dust the sets and cover with lime, about 4 inches more of tan is then put over them, the ridges are again slightly chopped down so as to cover the sets with about 8 inches of soil and tan; the remainder of the ridge is allowed to remain until the Potatoes require moulding up, which should be done as soon as the plants are sufficiently high for that purpose, for if allowed to remain too long, unless great care is taken to keep the hoe a good distance from the plants, considerable mischief is done; far more, indeed, than is generally suspected. With respect to the use of old tan, I am fully convinced that Potato crops are heavier, larger, of better quality, and escape the disease more by this than by any other plan adopted; and I think that my Potatoes, during the time I was residing in Worcestershire, spoke for themselves.

PARSNIPS.—There are two important points connected with Potato culture which do not receive enough of notice, and to these I would beg now to direct attention, viz.: thinning out the weak haulm and cutting away the blossom. It is my practice, as soon as ever my Potatoes are earthed up, to pull and thin out the weak haulm; in fact, I never allow more than six stems to one set, let them be ever so strong. By this method I get but very few small Potatoes indeed; I am positive that the weight per acre is very considerably above that of those grown with such an abundance of haulm. What use is the weak haulm but to induce the production of small Potatoes?—Pull this all up, and you will find your Potatoes large, and they will ripen much earlier; the sun and air will have a much better chance of passing through the rows.

LIFTING AND STORING THE CROP.—As soon as ever the skin of the Potato is set so that it will not easily rub off with the thumb and finger, lift at once; do not stop until the haulm dies down, or perhaps by that time disease will have made its appearance, and if so, even if the crop appears to the eye sound, it is as likely to go bad in the clamps as in the ground, but if got up before any disease makes its appearance, the tubers are not so liable to be affected. It is an excellent plan when got up early to place them in small heaps of about a cartload each, then to cover with a coating of mould, inserting an open tile to let out the steam. I should here mention that it is requisite to dust the tubers with quicklime before covering them up; this absorbs the moisture, sets the skins more firmly, and makes the Potatoes cook more mealy. Potatoes should always be dug in fine weather; when dug in wet weather the tubers must be dried, and the rough clods broken off before being stored.—Perhaps the best way of storing is in the old earth pits, putting a good coating of straw next the Potatoes, and 6 or 8 inches of mould firmly and uniformly over the straw, finishing with a "thatch" all over. This is decidedly the best way of preserving the quality, and they do not get kicked and tossed about as they are liable to when stored in an outhouse or cellar. When the Potatoes are all collected and brought to the principal clamp, which should be done after remaining a month or five weeks in small heaps, there should be placed in the centre of the clamp a large basket of hard lumps of lime (or, if the clamp is large, two or three may be necessary), as this will absorb moisture, and in a great measure tend to keep the Potatoes dry.

One word on cooking: not one person in twenty manages to cook a Potato as it should be done. They are generally too careless; it is true they put them into the pot, and then they are thought of no more until they are broken to pieces or spoiled; then, of course, the cook cannot be wrong, the fault is in the Potato. There is one thing quite certain, the more waxy the Potato, the more salt is required in the water to boil them in, but if cooks will throw a large handful of salt in the water to boil a good York Regent Potato, they must not wonder at the tuber breaking to pieces in the water. I may give a list of a few good varieties on another occasion.—*Edward Bennett, [illegible] Hall, Worksop, Notts, Eng.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO PRESERVE FURS.—Fine furs should be kept in a cool place. An experienced dealer will tell, the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur, if it has been lying in a warm, dry atmosphere; it renders the fur harsh, dry, and shabby, entirely destroying the rich, smooth softness which it will have if kept in a cold room.

LEMON PRESERVE.—An excellent substitute for jam may be made as follows:—One pound of powdered loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two of them, adding the juice and rind of three lemons. Put the ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it becomes as thick as honey. Put it into small jars, and keep it in a cool, dry place.

MARINE CEMENT.—This cement is made by dissolving India-rubber in naphtha, and adding to it powdered shellac until it is of the proper thickness. It is always applied hot, and is very adhesive under water. Fine shreds of India-rubber dissolved in warm copal varnish, also make a waterproof cement for wood and leather. Take glue, twelve ounces, and water sufficient to dissolve it; then add three ounces of resin, and melt them altogether, after which add four parts of turpentine. This should be done in a water bath, or in a carpenter's common glue-pot. It makes a waterproof glue.

SHAKER PLAN OF MAKING SOAP.—The trustees of Shaker Village, N. H., give us the following easy and cheap method of making soft soap:—"Place a shallow iron kettle, to hold from 4 to 6 barrels, just out of the wash-room, under cover of a shed. Extend half or three-quarters inch pipe for steam to the middle of the bottom, bending it to form of surface, and terminating with open end. Take another pipe to discharge cold water over the top of the kettle. Use the best quality of 'first sorts' of potash in the proportion of 6 pounds of potash to 7 pounds of grease, for a barrel of 40 gallons. Break up the potash into small lumps, and dissolve in it, say, 2 pails of hot water to 24 pounds. It dissolves rather slowly when the potash is good. When dissolved, put the solution into the kettle, and add the grease quite warm, and stir the mixture together. Allow it to stand over night, if convenient. In the morning, apply a moderate jet of steam until the mixture appears ropy, or rather, *soapy*. Shut off the steam and open the cold water valve, stirring the mixture, as the water runs, until the kettle is full, or the required quantity obtained for the materials used. My man makes an excellent article, and never fails. The materials for 40 gallons of soap cost, at present prices, 64 cents; the labor nothing, as the man is not hindered by making it."

☞ Men become wiser in almost all respects after forty, except in those love affairs in which they are themselves concerned.

☞ The knowledge of words is the gate of scholarship.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 5, 10, 13, 31, was a son of Noah.
My 7, 25, 19, 8, was a son of Adam.
My 11, 23, 11, 6, was Lamech's wife.
My 26, 14, 3, 24, was a son of Seth.
My 24, 30, 1, 2, was the father of Enos.
My 4, 26, is the place where Havan died.
My 5, 22, 29, 4, 21, was the father of Naber.
My 13, 24, 17, 18, 19, 29, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 8, 15, 9, was Abram's nephew.
My 27, 7, 9, 18, 26, 20, is a name for the Deity.
My 2, 13, 11, 12, 19, 14, is a place where we all should wish to go.
My 7, 31, 22, 5, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 6, 16, 24, 13, 11, is a book in the Old Testament.
My whole is one of the commandments.

Newport, R. I. CHARLES COTTRELL.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 13, 32, 13, 6, 13, 5, 13, is one of the U. S.
My 3, 31, 31, 12, 11, 30, 7, 16, 19, is one of the lakes in Maine.
My 10, 26, 8, 30, 28, 3, 2, 1, is a town in N. York.
My 30, 16, 17, 17, 4, 1, 16, 12, is a cape east of North Carolina.
My 5, 20, 1, 26, 25, 22, 29, 20, is a town in Ohio.
My 12, 13, 21, 6, 8, 23, 23, 24, is a town in the southern part of Connecticut.
My 32, 20, 27, 31, 1, 9, 26, is a county in Indiana.
My 28, 12, 13, 14, 2, 32, 32, 13, is a county in Michigan.
My 3, 13, 8, 12, 18, 13, 32, 32, is a town in Illinois.
My 15, 16, 29, 26, 12, is a county in Missouri.
My 32, 28, 14, 4, 1, 17, 33, is a town in Texas.
My whole is one of the commandments.

Springfield, Ill. MARY WHITTED.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 13, 12, 2, 3, 10, is a boy's name.
My 14, 13, 10, 14, 13, 10, 10, 7, 15, 13, is a large city in Ohio.
My 6, 4, 13, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 7, 10, 15, 3, 10, is a town in New York.
My 5, 13, 10, is a kind of drink.
My 13, 12, 7, is a girl's name.
My 8, 11, 10, 15, 3, 10, is a county in Indiana.
My whole is an editor of an Ohio paper.

Wellington, Loraine Co., Ohio. W. G. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first has moved a world to tears,
Has shook the thrones of monarchs proud,
And yet a little mite appears,
And seldom makes a noise that's loud.

My second, though in common use,
Oft gives us bloody deeds to scan,
Yet notwithstanding such abuse,
Is carried near the heart of man.

My whole quite likely you possess,
And if with it you ever part,
It mostly causes such distress,
You try another in the mart.

Philadelphia. J. L.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Me, I hope, you will not 4, 5, 2, 3, 6,
When I say you should not 1, 2, 3, 6;
He that does, will become 7, 2, 1,
And in his house an empty 4, 2, 1.

My whole is what we all agree
Is very apt to take a spree;
And late at night, to home returning,
Has anger in his bosom burning.

New Texas. J. J. W.

MYTHOLOGICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Tulop.	Doran an P.
Nap.	I, sir.
Sam R.	M no I.
Ar cost.	Leape.
Naida.	Pi cud.
Be he.	Colboy.

Williamsport. J. C. C.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a circular piece of ground 200 yards in diameter, enclosed by a fence. In the circumference of this circle (i. e. at the fence) a horse is tied by a rope 60 yards long. After he has eaten all the grass within his reach, he is removed 60 yards, directly towards the centre of the circle, and again tied by a rope 40 yards in length. I wish to know over how much ground he would be able to graze in all?

An answer is requested.

East Liberty, Ohio. CHRISTIE WILLIAMS.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain triangle, whose sides are in arithmetical progression, with a common difference equal to 1-15 of the longer side, has as many rods in its contour as it has square rods in its area. Required, the sides and surface of the triangle.

Norfolk, Ky. M. DURANT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ At what time of day was Adam created? Ans.—A little before Eve.

☞ Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic? Ans.—Because he puts down *three* and carries *one*.

☞ Why has a clock a bashful appearance? Ans.—Because it always keeps its hands before its face.

☞ Why is a clergyman about concluding an eloquent discourse like a little boy with ragged garments? Ans.—Because he's tor'd his close.

☞ To what town in England should scolding wives be sent? Ans.—To Shrewsbury.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Clinton Liberal Institute, Oneida County, New York. CHARADE—Rain bow. ANAGRAMS—Somerset, Salem, Bladen, Ontario, Martin, Saratoga, Wayne, Braxton, Delaware. MENSURATION QUESTION—52½ acres. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—7 beds.